

"CREATOR"

A Screenplay By
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"CREATOR"

FADE IN:

INT. ATLANTIC CITY DANCE HALL - NIGHT (1946)

MUSIC: SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY. The face of a young LUCY comes into focus. Lucy is dazzlingly beautiful, alive, bright -- blond hair, sparkling eyes. She dances with the young HARRY WOLPER. They sway gently to the music, very much in love.

LUCY

Harry...

HARRY

Lucy...

The image begins to shimmer -- and DISSOLVES TO:

A CELL -- violet, alive, also shimmering... and

DISSOLVING TO:

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE/LABORATORY - PRE-DAWN (1984)

HARRY WOLPER, Nobel Laureate biologist, late 50's, still remarkably handsome, penetrating eyes, looks up from his microscope and stares, lost in thought, at the elaborate array of scientific equipment percolating around him. Beside him, a record player finishes playing the old 78 recording of SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

Harry walks to the window and draws the shade to close out the dawn and prolong his work time.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP, showing us Harry's garage behind his lovely large old Victorian home, new modern buildings of the biomedical research center at the university just visible above the roofs of the family homes.

It is the proverbial idyllic small town morning. A milk-truck, coming down the quiet tree-lined street, stops in front of Harry's house, and the MILKMAN strides up the walk with his basket of milk bottles. He sets two bottles by Harry's front door, returns to his truck, and drives off as a streetsweeper turns the corner behind him, a spray of water coming from its back, and moves past Harry's house.

A PAPERBOY arrives, tosses Harry's paper on the front walk, and rides off to the next house.

EXT. HARRY'S BACKYARD - EARLY MORNING

MRS. MALLORY, Harry's elderly housekeeper, crosses the yard with the tray. Halfway across, the stillness is shattered by the sudden LOUD CLANGING of the COMPRESSOR in Harry's lab. A NEIGHBOR sticks his head out a window.

NEIGHBOR

(shouting)

Give us a break today, will you,
Harry, and shut off your goddam
universe!

Mrs. Mallory reaches the door to Harry's garage/laboratory, and, balancing the tray with one hand, she opens it.

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE/LAB - EARLY MORNING

A shaft of light hits Harry, who is over at his microscope, ignoring the CLANKING COMPRESSOR. He squints at the light.

HARRY

(sarcastic)

Let there be light!

Mrs. Mallory kicks the large black compressor by the door, which SPUTTERS and QUIETS, and snaps open a shade sending a giant shaft of light on Harry.

HARRY

And there was light!

MRS. MALLORY

(setting down tray)

Humph.

HARRY

(suddenly excited)

I want you to see something, Mrs.
Mallory.

Harry takes Mrs. Mallory by the arm and leads her to his microscope. Mrs. Mallory sighs and peers into it.

MRS. MALLORY

It doesn't look any different from
what you've been showing me for
twenty-five years, Dr. Wolper. Eat
your breakfast.

HARRY

Keep looking.

INSERT: CELLS. Suddenly the translucent violet shape shimmers and bursts into a flowering clump of cells, double in number.

MRS. MALLORY

Aghhhh! They're alive!

HARRY

Life, Mrs. Mallory! Cells forming more cells... giant hydrocarbon molecules... Any day now Lucy will be back with us. Isn't she spectacular?

MRS. MALLORY

(looking back into microscope)

I liked her better in the white dress with the little birds on the sleeves.

HARRY

Lucy's coming back, Mrs. Mallory.

MRS. MALLORY

(setting up Harry's breakfast)

If the good Lord meant people to come back from the dead, Dr. Wolper, He'd have given us springs like toasters, and after we've been down for a while, we'd pop right up again, all warm and ready for breakfast.

Harry picks a lump of sugar off his tray and feeds it to a rabbit. Then he goes down the row of cages, opening the doors. Mrs. Mallory watches.

MRS. MALLORY

In addition to breakfast, you need sleep.

HARRY

A major breakthrough, Mrs. Mallory. Soon. Maybe even tonight.

Mrs. Mallory gives up, shakes her head, and leaves. Harry slaps his hands and the animals scramble from their cages.

HARRY

(pleased and grinning)

Be fruitful and multiply...

EXT. CITY STREETS IN LIGHT RAIN - MORNING

Commuter traffic in a light summer shower. Harry rides his bicycle, an umbrella fastened to it with a homemade bracket. He is listening to Gene Kelly's "SINGING IN THE RAIN" on his Walkman. A policeman directing traffic looks at his watch and smiles as Harry passes, on time as usual.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING

A VARIETY STORE OWNER races out and just manages to place a small paper bag into Harry's bicycle basket as Harry rides by, on time again.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING

Harry stops at a playground filled with children. The children notice Harry and race over to the fence, cheering. Harry tosses a handful of wrapped candies over the fence and a mad scramble ensues.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF UNIVERSITY - MORNING

Harry passes a sign reading: BIOMEDICAL RESEARCH CENTER.

Harry looks across the street and "sees" Lucy, carrying an umbrella, stomping in puddles with her large galoshes, imitating Gene Kelly. She smiles at Harry. Harry smiles back, but Lucy isn't there. He shrugs and turns his bike down the walk to the Research Center.

INT. NURSES' STATION - UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - MORNING

A busy hospital hallway. Harry is wheeling his bicycle down the corridor. He reaches the nurses' station and leans his bike against a wall. NURSE DANZA, early 30's, pretty, looks up, sees Harry and smiles. She reaches for a loose-leaf book and gives it to Harry as she talks.

NURSE DANZA

Good morning, Dr. Wolper.

HARRY

(cheerily)

Good morning, Nurse Danza.

NURSE DANZA

Your patients had a good night. Mr. Sotelli thanks you for the pizza.

HARRY
(glancing through
patient notebook)
We've spent all week cleaning him
out. I figured we had an
obligation to fill him back up.

NURSE DANZA
(smiles, then)
Mrs. Miller's medication isn't
working, so Dr. Hall wants to know
if he can increase the dose to five
hundred milligrams?

HARRY
(starting to walk
to his bike)
Only if he wants to kill her.

NURSE DANZA
(grinning)
Is that what I should tell him,
Harry?

HARRY
(starting off with
his bike)
Why don't you tell him, Charlotte,
that when a medication doesn't
work, you give the patient none
of it, not more.

As Nurse Danza watches Harry leave, two OTHER NURSES
who have been listening come over beside Nurse Danza
and lean on the counter, looking at Harry disappear down
the hall. They look at Nurse Danza, who is dazed and
delighted.

NURSE 1
(to Nurse Danza)
Yeh, so?

NURSE DANZA
(stars in her eyes)
It was a long time ago... but it
was a wonderful night...

NURSE 1
(remembers and sighs)
My night sure was...

NURSE 2
(dreamily)
Ummmmmmmm...

Nurse Danza and Nurse 1 turn their heads slowly and look at Nurse 2 with surprise.

INT. UNIVERSITY/HOSPITAL HALL BY ELEVATOR - MORNING

Harry is waiting for the elevator when five of his graduate students, LYMAN, MARTIN, GABE, ARTHUR and KAREN arrive.

MARTIN

We've been looking all over for you, Harry.

GABE

We've run these experiments thirty times and they still don't work out right.

LYMAN

It's your turn, Harry. You run them for a while. We're going crazy.

The elevator arrives, the doors open, everyone piles in...

INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

Harry, Lyman, Arthur, Gabe, Martin and Karen are riding up.

HARRY

I have some private research that I need help with. I need a volunteer.

MARTIN

You've got to be kidding, Harry.

KAREN

Please help us out, Harry. Run the experiments yourself for a while and see what's going wrong.

HARRY

You need to put your heart into it.

Gabe and Arthur climb the walls of the elevator and brace themselves so they can talk into Harry's ears.

GABE

We have, Harry. We've put our hearts and our souls --

ARTHUR

-- and our amino acids and every enzyme you've told us to --

KAREN

(getting on Harry's bike)

The only thing that isn't there is you, Harry... How about it?

HARRY

I'll tell you what -- how about a wager? Who's playing today?

LYMAN

You sure you want to do this, Harry?

HARRY

Who's playing?

ARTHUR

The Red Sox and the Angels.

HARRY

I'll take the Red Sox. If they lose, I'll run the experiments myself.

INT. HALL IN UNIVERSITY BIOMEDICAL RESEARCH WING - MORNING

PAVLO, a scientist in his 50's, stands waiting for the elevator. It arrives and the doors open, REVEALING Harry with students draped bizarrely all over him -- suspended between the walls, on the bicycle, etc. Karen rides out the elevator on the bicycle, Martin sitting on the handlebars, nearly missing Pavlo, who shakes his head. It's nothing new.

MARTIN

(calling back from the handlebars)

Bless you for doing this, Harry.

PAVLO

Ah, Harry. I was just going down to the hospital to get you.

(handing Harry a paper)

Sid asked me to get your signature on this. He's attending in the Emergency Room this week and sends his regrets.

HARRY
I hate paperwork.

PAVLO
(sarcastic)
And I sympathize with you, Harry.
Any time you want to give up
control of four hundred thousand
bucks in funding, I bet Sid'll
be happy to take over for you.

HARRY
(walking past elaborate
labs)
You know what our problem is
around here, Pavlo? Too many goddam
machines. We're missing the Big
Picture.

PAVLO
(keeping step for
step with Harry)
Please, Harry. Not today. Just
sign the paper, okay?

HARRY
(taking paper and
reading, then)
Sid doesn't need a Sequencer,
Pavlo. He doesn't have any room
for it, anyway.

PAVLO
He does now, Harry. He moved all
his animals to my lab.

Harry looks at Pavlo, shrugs, stops and signs the paper.

HARRY
(handing Pavlo the
paper)
Sid may have the only biology lab
in the world that has nothing
alive in it.

PAVLO
(facetiously, starting
to walk away)
You've made my day, Harry.

HARRY
(calling after Pavlo)
Tell Sid. The Big Picture, Pavlo.

PAVLO

(calling back down
the hall)

Like I've always told you, Harry,
you'll be the first to know when
we find the thing.

INT. SECRETARIAL OFFICE - MORNING

Harry's secretary, MRS. PRUITT, a no-nonsense lady who has seen it all, is typing away. She looks up as Harry enters, stops typing, and smiles warmly. Harry opens his little paper bag, takes out a large goopy danish, and chomps into it.

HARRY

(mouth full)

Morning, Mrs. Pruitt. How are
we today?

MRS. PRUITT

We're wonderful, Dr. Wolper.

(reaching for her
notepad, reading)

Dean Phillips called. He would
like to know why you've nominated
a cafeteria worker for President
of the University. Quote, "Do
you think his valuable time
should be 'spent"... etcetera,
etcetera...

HARRY

(looking through
his mail)

I thought nominations were
confidential...

MRS. PRUITT

(unimpressed, moving
on)

Regarding the title for your keynote
address to the Medical Congress,
Dr. Novak says that "The Profit
Incentive In Misdiagnosis" is really
not very funny at all. Quote,
"Come off it, stop the nonsense..."
etcetera, etcetera...

Harry smiles weakly and continues to examine his mail.

MRS. PRUITT

Mrs. Miller downstairs in nutrition called to inquire how exactly she is to regulate patients' dietary plans when you're running pizzas up on the wards. Quote, "One more time, and she's going to take a pepperoni..." etcetera, etcetera...

HARRY

Any news on my new student? I'm desperate.

MRS. PRUITT

Ah, yes. Mrs. Gonzalez from the registrar's office says that before considering your request for another slave, she is still waiting to hear why exactly it is that you permitted Dennis Goffman to submit the Bible for his dissertation. Quote, "It will be a cold day in hell before she sends another student up to --" and then she started speaking in Spanish...

HARRY

I'll take anyone they've got, Mrs. Pruitt, as long as he's serious-minded and has his life generally together... I'll mold him.

INT. BORIS' BEDROOM - MORNING

BORIS LAFKIN, student, 20-24 years old, tossed hair, dishevelled, tosses in his bed as ZENO, a strange, equally dishevelled robot-like contraption, whirrs into the bedroom.

ZENO

Wake up, stupid, it's time to resume your quest for the -- (FANFARE) -- Ultimate Female... gorgeous face, golden robust body, near-genius intelligence... all yours, if you ever get out of bed! Come on, Lafkin, move your ass!

BORIS

(pulling the sheet over his head)

Bug off, Zeno.

From out of the speakers of Zeno a few bars of "LADY MADONNA" STARTS TO PLAY. Boris puts the pillow over his head.

ZENO

Countdown! Five -- four -- three -- two -- one!

Boris jumps out of bed just before Zeno clamps an "arm" onto the metal bed frame, sending a jolt of electricity through it. Boris looks at Zeno, shakes his head, then staggers groggily toward the john. Zeno trails behind.

ZENO

Today is June thirtieth, young master Lafkin, your first day of graduate school. On this date in history Mozart completed his thirty-fifth symphony. Mozart was most likely eight years old at the time. So far, what have you done with your life, Lafkin?

INT. BORIS' APARTMENT/KITCHEN - MORNING

Zeno is making orange juice in the kitchen. An orange drops down a chute. Zeno rolls over to it and mashes the orange with his claws, juice and pulp falling into a basin. Zeno drops the rind into a bag. The process is repeated, not well, pulp, peels and juice landing on the floor. Zeno's success rate remains about 50%.

ZENO

Have you answered even one cosmic question? Have you discovered the meaning of life? Have you at least picked up your clean laundry which was ready last week?

Boris, wearing only jeans, sorts through dirty laundry in the bedroom which is off the kitchen. As Zeno continues, Boris picks up a shirt, smells it, shrugs and puts it on. Then he takes two used athletic socks off doorknobs where they've aired, sprinkles powder in them, and puts them on.

ZENO

(still grinding
oranges at 50%)
Besides, when exactly was the
last time you got laid, Lafkin?
(MORE)

ZENO (CONT'D)

You keep holding out for that special lady to bring you the Brady Bunch, and you'll be a hundred-and-five before you do it again.

(MECHANICAL LAUGHTER)

He, he, he, he, he, he, he...
So tell me, Lafkin, what is this graduate school shit you're getting yourself into?

INT. UNIVERSITY BIOMEDICAL RESEARCH CENTER/HALLWAY - DAY

Boris is walking down the hallway lined with efficiently operating laboratories. He checks names outside doors with the name "DR. SID KUHLENBECK" written on his registration envelope. As he approaches Harry's lab, a lovely young female, BARBARA SPENCER, age 20, rounds a corner and heads toward Boris, who is very impressed.

BORIS

(calling to Barbara)

Excuse me, I'm looking for --

Barbara doesn't hear Boris and disappears into Harry's lab. Boris pursues. He enters Harry's lab and finds Lyman, Gabe, Martin, Karen, Arthur and Harry huddled around a small television set, cheering their teams.

BORIS

(waving to Barbara)

Excuse me?

She doesn't hear over the shouting.

BORIS

Excuse me?

HARRY

Come on, you sonofabitch, there's a lot of work at stake here!

ARTHUR

Harry. There's only one out left.

HARRY

Life is hope, Arthur.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Strike three! And the Red Sox lose it thirteen to one.

The students cheer, and ceremoniously hand a resigned Harry several dozen experimental notebooks. Boris waits until the noise ends and the TV is turned off. He approaches Barbara, who is loading glassware onto a cart, and tries again.

BORIS
(to Barbara)
Excuse me, I'm looking for
Dr. Kuhlenbeck's lab...?

Barbara smiles sweetly and shrugs to indicate she doesn't know. She starts to leave with her cart of glassware.

BARBARA
Sorry...

BORIS
(trying to keep
things going)
He's my advisor...? Dr. Sid
Kuhlenbeck...?

Barbara shrugs apologetically a second time and leaves. Boris heads after her, but Harry reaches out and grabs his arm.

HARRY
Kuhlenbeck? Sid Kuhlenbeck?

BORIS
It's okay. I'm sure I'll find
him.

Boris tries to stretch his head out the door to see Barbara.

HARRY
You're his new graduate student?

BORIS
(still trying to
get loose)
Right. He's probably waiting
for me now.

Boris breaks free of Harry and just manages to get a glimpse of Barbara disappearing into the elevator. Boris sighs in defeat and turns to look at Harry, who is now working nonchalantly back in the midst of his apparatus.

HARRY
 (without looking up)
 No big loss. Dr. Kuhlbeck can't
 take on any new graduate students
 for a while. He just ran out of
 money.

The students are enraptured by the scam in progress.

BORIS
 Dammit. I just spent six hours in
 line at registration.

Harry takes Boris's envelope, crosses off the name
 "KUHLENBECK" and substitutes "HARRY WOLPER, M.D.".

HARRY
 You're in luck. I happen to have
 one opening left for a student.

BORIS
 Thanks alot...
 (reading the name
 on the envelope)
 ... Dr. Wolper.

HARRY
 (smiling, all charm)
 Harry. And don't mention it.

BORIS
 (handing Harry a
 card)
 I need to have my course card
 approved.

Harry takes the card, reads Boris's name, examines the
 courses, then starts crossing them out.

HARRY
 Well, Boris...
 (drawing lines
 through courses)
 ... you can forget Keppelman's
 Chemistry three-hundred,
 Bernstein's Physiology two-eleven,
 Walsh's Microbiology two-forty-five,
 and whatever you learn in Cavelli's
 Genetics one-oh-one will be out of
 date by the final exam..

BORIS
 (looking at the card)
 I'm supposed to take twelve credits
 this summer, Dr. Wolper.

HARRY

Harry. Not to worry. Watch.
(starts writing)
Introduction to The Big Picture.
Twelve credits.

BORIS

(looking at the card)
That's it? Twelve credits for
one course in the Big Picture?

HARRY

It's very big. Twelve credits
probably isn't enough.

BORIS

(starts to leave)
I think I'll go back down to
registration.

HARRY

There're no exams. Your grade
is based entirely on interest
and participation.

BORIS

It's okay. I like exams.

HARRY

I also know the name of the
young lady you followed in here.

Boris does an about-face and re-enters the lab.

BORIS

I need some place to sit and think.

Harry smiles and points to an empty desk in the corner.
Boris walks over. Lyman passes by as Boris sits down.

LYMAN

(under his breath)
The wrong decision could be fatal.

Boris looks up and is about to say something when
DR. SIDNEY KUHLENBECK comes barging in to Harry's lab.

KUHLENBECK

Okay, Harry. Where the hell is he?

HARRY

Ah, Dr. Kuhlenbeck, how can I --

KUHLENBECK

Cut the Dr. Kuhlenbeck crap and tell me where the hell my new student is. Gonzalez said she sent him up here ten minutes ago. I'm paying him. I own his ass.

HARRY

Not any more, Sid. You just spent the last of your money on a Sequencer.

Boris and the other students watch with great interest.

KUNLENBECK

I need that kid, Harry. I'm running a well-oiled machine in my lab and every little insignificant cog counts. Now where the hell is the little fucker?

Boris is not pleased at the thought of being an insignificant cog in Kuhlenbeck's well-oiled machine.

BORIS

The little fucker is over here; sir.

KUHLENBECK

Good God! He's prime grade A material, Harry. You stole him. He stole you, didn't he, kid?

Everybody's eyes are on Boris. Boris looks at Harry, then at Sid fuming, then at the students waiting eagerly.

BORIS

(a great sarcastic performance)

It's true, Dr. Kuhlenbeck, Dr. Wolper did steal me. But not today. He captured my heart long ago when I first heard of his wonderful work with the --

(a quick glance at a nearby cage)

-- guinea pig --

HARRY

Rabbit.

BORIS

Rabbit.

Boris smiles sweetly. Sid looks at Boris, then at Harry standing wide-eyed and innocent.

KUHLENBECK

I'll get you for this, Harry.

Sid turns and leaves. The students burst into cheers and surround Boris. Boris is very pleased. Harry smiles and looks at the large pile of experimental notebooks beside him.

EXT. IN FRONT OF HARRY'S GARAGE/LABORATORY - LATE AFTERNOON

Boris, carrying the large pile of experimental notebooks, walks with Harry, who is wheeling his bicycle.

HARRY

You've got real possibilities,
Boris.

BORIS

That was a once in your lifetime
performance, Harry. You got lucky.

Harry nods as they approach the door to the garage.

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE/LABORATORY - LATE AFTERNOON

Harry opens the door and lets Boris go before him into the lab. Boris looks around open-mouthed.

BORIS

You've got two labs?

Harry walks over to an old laboratory refrigerator on which is pasted a yellow and red "Bio-Hazard" sign and opens it. Harry removes two cans of beer and throws one to Boris.

HARRY

They each have their place. At
the university I try to please
the federal government. Here I
negotiate with God.

BORIS

(walking around,
inspecting)
What are you working on here?

HARRY

Lucy.

BORIS
What's "Lucy" stand for?

HARRY
(walking around,
adjusting things)
Lucy stands for my late wife.
Since she died twenty-five years
ago, I've been culturing her
cells.

Boris is becoming concerned about Harry's mental health.

HARRY
Each cell has the information to
make an exact duplicate of her.

BORIS
(incredulous)
You're recreating your dead wife
from her old cells?

HARRY
(pleased by Boris'
quickness)
Exactly.

BORIS
This is very crazy, Harry.

HARRY
(smiling)
It'll be nice working with
someone on the same wavelength.
Want to see Lucy?

BORIS
(a little panicky)
No, I would not like to see Lucy.
I would like to get myself back
in line at registration just as
fast as I can.

Harry hands Boris a photograph of Lucy. Boris studies
it and is profoundly affected.

BORIS
Jesus, Harry, she was something.

HARRY
Yes, she was, Boris. She was
everything.

Boris studies Harry, deeply moved by Harry's emotion.

BORIS

(starting to smile)

You're going to get me into a whole lot of trouble, aren't you?

Harry smiles back, pulls a white lab coat off a hook, and tosses it to Boris.

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE - LATE NIGHT

Boris stands, exhausted, bracing himself to keep awake.

BORIS

This is a very interesting first day orientation, Harry. It's two a.m. I'd like to go home now.

HARRY

(looking in his microscope)

Boris, this cell you gave me has no intention of ever growing into Lucy.

Boris stares blankly at Harry, sighs, then slowly shuffles over to the incubation unit.

BORIS

(grumbling as he goes)

It just looked like another cell to me, Harry. How the hell am I supposed to know what its intentions are?

(opening unit and removing container)

Hey, anyone in here want to grow into a duplicate of Lucy Wolper? Ah, yes -- the bright cheerful cell on the right.

(walking to Harry)

She was very enthusiastic, Harry.

HARRY

(takes cell and looks in microscope)

Much better, yes.

(a beat)

We're on the verge of a major breakthrough, Boris, but I don't think the amino acids are in the right sequence.

BORIS
(suspiciously)
How do you put amino acids in
the right sequence, Harry?

HARRY
You use a Sequencer, Boris. I
bet I know where we can get one,
too. Come on, Tonto.

EXT. LOADING PLATFORM BEHIND UNIVERSITY - LATE NIGHT

Boris stands in the back of Harry's old pickup truck
in a state of shock. Two SECURITY GUARDS are loading
a large carton on the truck. Letters on the side of
the box read: "SOLID PHASE SEQUENCER -- DELIVER TO DR.
SIDNEY KUHLENBECK." Harry is crouched, petting the
guards' Dobermans, who are nibbling snacks from Harry's
hand and licking fondly.

GUARD 1
(grunting as he lifts
carton)
Must be hard to fix these, huh,
Dr. Wolper?

HARRY
Very difficult. Could take
months.

The security guards finish loading the carton onto the
truck.

GUARD 2
You have a good night, Dr. Wolper.
Sorry about pulling the guns.

Harry smiles and waves goodbye. Boris is still in shock.

EXT. IN FRONT OF HARRY'S GARAGE - LATE NIGHT

Boris, still in a state of semi-shock, is helping Harry
unload the carton onto a dolly.

HARRY
Don't worry, Boris. Science is
a global enterprise. It's all
community property.

BORIS
Somebody should tell that to the
community.

HARRY
They're not interested in affairs
of the heart, Boris. This is for
Lucy.

BORIS
(finishing with the
carton)
Let me tell you something about
recreating Lucy, Harry. Without
even getting into the massive
ethical issues, it's probably
illegal, potentially dangerous,
and --
(calling back as
he walks away)
-- definitely crazy.

HARRY
(calling after Boris
as he leaves)
You left out fun.

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE - LATE NIGHT

Harry has the Sequencer set up. He pulls a cylinder
out of the device, walks over and puts on a record:
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY. Then he peers expectantly into
the microscope.

INSERT: CELLS - IN FOCUS - TO OUT OF FOCUS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ATLANTIC CITY DANCE HALL - EVENING (1946)

SLOWLY REGAIN FOCUS. The young Harry Wolper dances
with the young Lucy. They stop dancing and walk away,
hand in hand.

EXT. UNDER THE BOARDWALK - NIGHT (1946)

Barely illuminated, Harry and Lucy grope in the dark.

LUCY
Oh, Harry, I just don't know.
Sex is very special, don't you
think?

HARRY
Oh, I do. I do.

LUCY

All those deep emotions...

HARRY

Absolutely.

LUCY

And the intimacy. When you think about it, it's life, itself. The ultimate act. Creation. It's almost religious.

HARRY

It's spiritual! Divine! Cosmic even! Oh, Lucy, it's so good to be under the boardwalk with someone who has the same feelings about sex that I do. So what do you say?

LUCY

No.

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE - NIGHT (1984)

Harry looks up and smiles, then returns to his microscope.

INSERT: CELLS - LOSE FOCUS.

EXT. BEACH - DAY (1946)

REGAIN FOCUS. Harry is on a lifeguard stand in a yellow slicker, swim trunks and pith helmet. Lucy sits on a chair beside him, wearing a large beach hat, and reading a book.

HARRY

Think of it as a great celestial celebration, Lucy... a rejoicing of glands... worship in that splendid temple of physical release...

LUCY

They say nice girls don't do it, Harry.

HARRY

That's what nice girls say, Lucy. But it's not what nice girls do. Believe me, one of the first things you learn in medical school is that nice girls do it every day.

LUCY
(looking up from
her book)
Aren't you supposed to be watching
for drowning people or something?

The scene "shimmers", like a reflection, and DISSOLVES.

EXT. HARRY'S STREET IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE - DAWN (1984)

Another idyllic early morning. Now it is September. The milkman arrives, delivers two bottles of milk to Harry's front porch, and leaves. The streetsweeper passes, water spraying. The paperboy arrives and cocks his arm to throw the paper just as his bike hits the wet pavement. It skids, the paper flies toward the porch and hits the milk bottles broadside, shattering them and drenching the newspaper.

The boy regains his balance, surveys the damage, shrugs and moves on, as Mrs. Mallory, Harry's elderly housekeeper, opens the door and looks with resignation at the puddle of milk, broken glass and wet newspaper.

INT. HARRY'S KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

A breakfast tray. Mrs. Mallory removes the empty cream pitcher. She pours Harry's coffee. Then she carefully picks up the sopping newspaper and lets a stream of milk trickle down the fold into the coffee. Satisfied, she drops the paper, picks up the tray, and heads out the back door.

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE - EARLY MORNING

Mrs. Mallory is shutting the door behind her. She snaps up a shade, letting in light. Harry, at his microscope, squints. Mrs. Mallory sets down the tray on a table. Beside it, Boris sits sleeping against a wall.

MRS. MALLORY
(looking at Boris)
Humph.

Suddenly, the compressor starts up with an enormous BANG, awakening Boris.

BORIS
You need another cell, Harry?

EXT. CITY STREETS BY UNIVERSITY - MORNING

Boris and Harry are riding their bikes to the university.

HARRY

I've got good news for you, Boris.
You know what next week is?
Beginning of the fall semester.
Undergraduate tushes as far as
the eye can see.

BORIS

No thank you, Harry.

HARRY

In a few weeks all the really
nice tushes will be taken by
varsity athletes, Boris.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EMERGENCY ROOM - MORNING

Harry and Boris are walking down the hall.

BORIS

I'm not interested, Harry. I'm
looking for someone special who
I can spend the rest of my life
with.

HARRY

Whatever happened to that lovely
lab tech whose name I gave you?

BORIS

Barbara Spencer? We are just
good friends, Harry... and it's
driving me crazy. She won't even
talk to me out of this building.

HARRY

Let me see what I can do.

Harry turns the corner and enters the emergency room.

BORIS

(chasing after Harry)
No, Harry. Please. No.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - MORNING

Harry is looking through a patient notebook when Boris
enters.

BORIS

Please don't say anything to
Barbara, okay?

HARRY

(a wry smile)

Whatever pleases you, Boris.

Before Boris can protest further, a weeping woman races into the emergency carrying a figure wrapped in a blanket. As she passes Harry, it becomes evident that the figure is a monkey.

WOMAN

Help! Chester's been run over.
Help!

Sid Kuhlenbeck rushes in past Harry and Boris as the woman rests Chester on an examining table. He goes to the table.

HARRY

(taking Boris by the
arm)

Come on, Boris. You're about
to have another wonderful
educational experience.

BORIS

No, I'm not, Harry...

Harry and Boris watch as Sid pulls off the blanket.

KUHLENBECK

This isn't a person. This is
a monkey.

HARRY

(to Boris)

The first step in the diagnosis:
determine the species of your
patient.

KUHLENBECK

I'm not going to treat a monkey.

WOMAN

(profusely weeping)

He's dying. Please help him.
He's like a child to me.

HARRY

She's right, Sid. He is dying.

KUHLENBECK
(wheeling around)
Ah ha! I knew it! It's you two!

HARRY
(going over to the
monkey)
Relax, Sid. Give me a hand and
we'll have this fellow out of here
in no time. Boris, I need your
help.

WOMAN
Oh, thank you, Doctor. God bless
you.

KUHLENBECK
Okay, Harry, you guys have had
your little joke. Now get this
animal to a vet.

HARRY
No time, Sid. He'll be dead.

Harry tosses surgical gloves to Boris and starts to
put on a pair himself. Sid reaches for a manual and
starts reading.

KUHLENBECK
"No patient shall receive treatment
without informed consent in writing!"

HARRY
Get me that hypodermic over there,
Boris. I don't want this fellow
waking up on us.

KUHLENBECK
(slamming the book on
the floor)
No, Harry! No, no, no! Now be
reasonable!

Boris hands Harry the hypodermic.

KUHLENBECK
Please, Harry. We really don't want
the word to get out we're treating
monkeys now.

HARRY

(to Boris as he
works)

Here, Boris, you see an example
of how academic medicine makes men
like Sid into voyeurs, watching
others take action, content to
leer through microscopic keyholes
and drool over biological asses
and tits.

KUHLENBECK

Come on, Harry. Give us a break,
will you?

HARRY

(under a full head
of steam)

I'll tell you, Boris, one of these
days we'll look into our
microscopes and find ourselves
staring right into God's eyes,
and the first one who blinks is
going to lose his testicles! Let's
operate!

KUHLENBECK

You're crazy, Harry. Absolutely
crazy. Now I'm warning you. You
open up that animal in my emergency
room, and I swear to God I'll have
your ass out of here by the end of
the semester.

(sees Boris suppressing
a grin)

You, too, smartass. I'm telling
you both -- it's all over for you
guys if you cut into that ape.

HARRY

(to Boris, smiling)

Scalpel?

BORIS

(handing Harry scalpel,
smiling back)

Scalpel.

INT. SECRETARIAL OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Mrs. Pruitt reaches for her pad as Harry enters.

MRS. PRUITT
Good afternoon, Dr. Wolper.

HARRY
(looking at mail)
Afternoon, Mrs. Pruitt.

MRS. PRUITT
(reading from her pad)
Plunging right in -- Regarding
your escapade in the emergency
room this morning, Dr. Whittier
has asked me to inform you that
your surgical privileges are now
restricted, and if you, quote,
"even look at another non-human
in this hospital, he will have
your rear end out in Northfield
before you can --" etcetera,
etcetera...

HARRY
(engrossed in his
mail)
The sword of justice around here
is terrible swift, Mrs. Pruitt.

MRS. PRUITT
Isn't it. Along that line...
(reading from her pad)
Our Chancellor asks me to remind
you of the doctrine of the separation
of church and state. Quote, "if
Harry hands out the students'
federal grant checks in the chapel
one more goddam time," etcetera,
etcetera...

HARRY
Piety should be rewarded, don't
you think?

MRS. PRUITT
Moving right along. Mrs. Gonzalez
asks me to convey her displeasure
regarding a course not listed in
the catalogue nor approved by the
Instruction Committee for which
you gave Boris Lafkin twelve
credits...

HARRY
Where is Boris?

Harry has wandered out before Mrs. Pruitt is half done.

INT. HARRY'S UNIVERSITY LAB - AFTERNOON

Boris, the only student in the lab, is doing an experiment. He looks up as Harry enters and puts on his lab coat.

BORIS

How's Chester doing?

HARRY

Excellent. He's being transferred to a veterinary hospital tomorrow. The nursing staff is heartbroken.

A smile begins on Boris' mouth and grows. Harry smiles in return. Unable to control himself any longer, Boris breaks into laughter and Harry laughs back just as hard.

BORIS

(laughing, catching his breath)

"I'm telling you -- it's all over for you guys if you cut into that ape!"

(yanking a fire-ax off the wall)

Scalpel!

HARRY

(roaring, taking the ax)

Scalpel!

The PHONE on the wall RINGS in the midst of their laughter.

HARRY

(catching his breath, into the phone)

Hello. Sure. Right here. It's for you, Boris. The Dean's office.

BORIS

It's for me? The Dean?

(breaking up in hysterical laughter)

They're kicking me out, Harry! You got me kicked out in two months!

HARRY

I'll save you, Boris.

BORIS
(on phone, trying
for self-control)
Hello? Yes, this is he. Okay.
(he waits, still
trying for control)
Yes. Good afternoon to you, sir.

Abruptly, a look of shock comes over Boris's face.
Harry stops laughing immediately when he sees Boris's
reaction.

HARRY
I'll get you readmitted in ten
minutes.

Boris looks around for someone, anyone. Finally, he
looks at Harry.

BORIS
(fighting back tears)
My Dad's dead.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Harry sits on a bench, some distance from the new
gravesite where Boris stands alone, ceremonies having
ended. From time to time, Harry looks over at Boris
to see that he's all right. Finally Boris walks over
to Harry and sits beside him.

BORIS
You know what keeps going around
and around in my head, Harry.
I never really thought much of
my father. He never had the kind
of job I wished he'd had. He
never looked the way I wanted him
to look. He never told me the
things I wanted him to say to me.
(fighting back tears)
Now I want him back... just like
he was...

Boris dissolves in tears. Harry looks at Boris very
moved and puts his arm around him.

HARRY
I've got a nice little place
at the beach, Boris. What do
you say we go play in the sand
for a couple days?

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Harry and Boris are walking along the beach. Harry's cottage is in the b.g.

BORIS

Then when my mom got cancer,
everything we owned went into
trying to save her. So now
there's nothing... and no one...

HARRY

I have a wonderful old bottle of
scotch back in the cottage, Boris.
I only use it for celebrating
nothing-and-no-one occasions.
Join me.

INT. HARRY'S COTTAGE - LATE NIGHT

Harry is sprawled on the sofa before the fireplace.
Boris is on the floor, resting against the sofa,
watching the fire. Harry pours scotch into Boris's
glass, then into his own.

HARRY

I looked up to the top of the
stairs -- right there -- and
there was Lucy, stark naked and
pregnant as a pelican, holding
her Miss New Jersey bathing
suit, tears falling down her
cheeks because she couldn't fit
in her swimsuit anymore, her
childhood gone forever, and I
think I loved her more at that
moment than I thought it was
possible to love anyone.

BORIS

(looking up at Harry)
God, I hope you get her back, Harry.

Harry looks down at Boris sitting on the floor.

HARRY

I'm sorry you lost your dad,
Boris.

Boris reaches up and puts his arm on Harry's leg. Harry
covers Boris's arm with his own as the fire continues to
send its flickering light across the room.

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

Boris is walking on the shore alone.

INT. HARRY'S COTTAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Harry sits on a chair reading a journal. He looks up and out the window at Boris still walking alone on the beach.

INT. HARRY'S COTTAGE - SUNSET

Harry is finishing his dinner alone. Boris's plate sits unused. Harry looks out at Boris sitting on the sand, staring at the last rays of the sunset, the first stars appearing.

EXT. IN FRONT OF HARRY'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Harry walks out the door to see how Boris is doing. A VOICE calls softly from above where Boris is perched on the roof.

BORIS (V.O.)

Hey, Harry. You want to come up?
It's a nice night. Lots of stars.

HARRY

(looking up)
Nearer my God to thee...

Harry walks to a ladder and climbs.

HARRY

It's said, Boris, that when science finally peeks over the crest of the mountain, it'll find that religion has been sitting there all along.

BORIS

(feigning inspiration)
Oh, Harry, when you said that just now, I felt this great reverence fill my soul.

HARRY

That's good, Boris. Reverence is a quality I've not previously noted in you.

BORIS

You're wrong, Harry. I'm very reverent.

(shouting into the night)

God? I've got a serious question for You. How can I concentrate on salvation when You make such long spaces after each time I get laid?

Harry and Boris laugh, not as much for the joke as to release all the sad feelings that've built up over the last two days. The catharsis ends, and a quiet mood returns.

BORIS

Harry, do you really believe in God?

HARRY

Yes, I believe in God, Boris...

BORIS

I'm not sure what I believe in...

(he sits in silence, then)

You know what I want more than anything else in the world, Harry? I want to be just like you. I want to know everything there is to know, I want to understand people, I want to believe in God, I want to know what makes life have meaning...

HARRY

You don't want to be like me, Boris.

BORIS

I really do, Harry. You know what happened last night? I was dreaming about you and Lucy, how you met at the beach and how much you loved each other, and I woke up and I was crying. All these tears were just pouring down my cheeks. I want to love someone like that so bad that it hurts, Harry...

HARRY

You don't want to be like me, Boris.

BORIS
I do, Harry. You'll see. I'm
going to be just like you.

Harry looks over at Boris, concerned. Then he stares into the night. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SHOW Harry and Boris perched on the roof of the lab, the beach below, stars above.

EXT. DRIVEWAY BESIDE HARRY'S COTTAGE - MORNING

Harry and Boris are walking to Harry's old pick-up truck in the driveway. Boris is carrying a backpack, Harry an old accordian-type satchel.

BORIS
This has been really good for
me, Harry. Thanks.

HARRY
You're very welcome, Boris. It's
been good for me, too.

BORIS
(throwing his pack
in the truck)
It's really nice here.

HARRY
(tossing his satchel
in the truck)
Lucy picked it out... I paid for
it... probably four times what
it was worth...

Boris and Harry climb in the truck and drive off.

INT. HARRY'S PICK-UP TRUCK - MORNING

Harry and Boris are driving through town to the university. The truck turns a corner and Harry glimpses Barbara Spencer, down the street, struggling to unload a small refrigerator from the back of a station wagon. Boris is looking elsewhere.

HARRY
I'm going to drop you off here,
Boris. I've got some errands to
do. I'll meet you back at the
lab.

BORIS
Sure. See you there.

EXT. STREET NEAR UNIVERSITY - MORNING

Boris walks down the street, the backpack slung over one shoulder, when he sees Barbara ahead of him, still struggling with the refrigerator. No dummy, he turns to see where Harry has gone in the truck, but it is nowhere in sight. He smiles and walks over to Barbara. His view is primarily of her splendid tush as she tries to lift the refrigerator.

BORIS

(grabbing the straps
on the fridge)

Here, let me help, Barbara.

BARBARA

No, that's okay. Honest. I
can do it.

BORIS

(easing her aside)

It's nothing really. It's all a
matter of leverage.

BARBARA

But I've --

Boris struggles to strap the refrigerator on his back.

BORIS

You see. There's nothing to it.

Boris grunts under the weight as he walks toward the old three-story house. Barbara follows after him, shaking her head and smiling. With great effort, Boris manages to climb the few steps before the door to the house.

Boris struggles in the door and looks with great dismay above him at the endless rows of stairs to go.

INT. SECRETARIAL OFFICE - MORNING

Harry with his mail. Mrs. Pruitt with her pad.

MRS. PRUITT

It is now scarcely a month before
you appear before the Funding
Committee to present our grants,
the money which pays the salaries
of absolutely everyone, myself
included.

(MORE)

MRS. PRUITT (CONT'D)

Accordingly, I have been asked to deliver the annual plea.
Quote, "Wives, husbands, small children and their pets are counting that your personal urges and obsessions will temporarily be put aside for the benefit of --" etcetera, etcetera...

INT. STAIRWELL OF BARBARA'S APARTMENT HOUSE - MORNING

The refrigerator... and Boris, out of breath, perspiring, desperately struggling up the last flight of stairs as Barbara watches with concern and amusement.

BARBARA

You really don't have to --

BORIS

No, no. It's okay. Leverage.

A cat races up the stairs, chased by another cat. The first cat reaches Boris, jumps on top of the refrigerator, her tail dangling in Boris's face, and snarls at the other cat.

BARBARA

(trying not to laugh)
Come on, Penelope. Don't be a bad girl. And you go away, Ulysses.

BORIS

Classics major, huh.

BARBARA

Nope. Classics minor. Biology major.

BORIS

Hey, no kidding. I'm --

Boris stands up and the refrigerator pulls him down the stairs. Cat tail in his face, he grabs for the spokes in the railing which pop out as he slides backwards. When Boris stops, there are no more spokes in the railing. Two cats are on the refrigerator, both tails in his face.

BARBARA

Are you okay?

BORIS

Fine. Fine. Lost the leverage.

Boris begins trudging back up the stairs, cats still on the refrigerator. He looks up and sees a large dog.

BORIS

Nice dog...

The dog bares his teeth and snarls angrily at the cats.

BORIS

Holy shit!

BARBARA

Don't you do that, Agamemnon.

BORIS

Don't you do that, Agamemnon.

Boris ducks just as Agamemnon, ferociously growling, leaps over him and chases the cats down the stairs. Boris trudges the last few steps to the top and, as he rests his burden on the landing, he glimpses Barbara's tush and sighs with anticipation while she opens the door, revealing LARRY, Boris's age, six-foot-three, 220 pounds.

BARBARA

This is Larry, my boyfriend. Boris.

LARRY

Hey, thanks for the help, guy.

Larry walks over, pats Boris on the back, and opens the refrigerator which is packed full of cases. Larry tears one open, takes out a beer and holds it out to Boris.

LARRY

Beer?

Barbara looks at Boris and smiles sheepishly.

INT. HARRY'S UNIVERSITY LABORATORY - LATE MORNING

Harry is working on experiments with his students. Boris enters, exhausted, perspiring, and bedraggled.

BORIS

Love is dead, Harry.

HARRY
Don't worry, Boris. Women's
liberation will run its course
and we'll prevail.

BORIS
Stone... cold... dead.

HARRY
Ah, that reminds me. Dr. Kuhlenbeck
wants to see you.

BORIS
(an about-face and
leaving)
Dammit. What now?

INT. KUHLENBECK'S UNIVERSITY LABORATORY - LATE AFTERNOON

Sid is working at a computer console as Boris enters.

KUHLENBECK
(looking up from
the computer)
Oh, good, Boris. I'm glad you
could make it. Look at these
results.

Boris walks over and looks at the computer screen.

KUHLENBECK
(patting the computer)
This fella'll do covariance, multiple
regression and path analysis all
in one pass. It's smarter'n God,
Boris. If it told me to quit my
job and lead a tribe of Ubangi's
across the desert, I'd have to
give it serious consideration.
I'm telling you, Boris, every night
we should pray to this mother.

BORIS
(not particularly
impressed)
It's a nice system, Sid.

KUHLENBECK
Yes, it is. Got it to run a new
Sequencer.
(looks at Boris and
smiles)
Then one day, the Sequencer
disappeared. Poof. Gone.

Sid stares at Boris for a moment, sizing him up, then smiles.

KUHLENBECK

(puts his arm on
Boris's shoulder)

Boris, I thought we should have
a little talk. How about a game
of squash.

BORIS

I don't really play squash, Sid.
How about some lunch?

KUHLENBECK

(walking with Boris)

I work out during lunch. Boris,
as you know, I wear a number of
hats around here -- scientist,
physician, friend and confidant
to my students -- but today I
want to talk to you in my role
as Chairman of your Degree
Committee.

INT. UNIVERSITY SQUASH COURTS - NOONTIME

Boris is racing frantically back and forth in the tiny
white chamber as Sid smashes the little black ball.

KUHLENBECK

Stamina, Boris. Science is plug,
plug, plug. It's the details that
count. That's why women'll never
be great scientists -- no stamina.
I played four varsity sports at
Columbia, Boris. Haven't lost a
step.

BORIS

I must not be very good competition
for you, Sid. Maybe we should
stop and go get some lunch.

KUHLENBECK

Harry's never understood that
there is no Big Picture, Boris...
just a lot of little pictures.
Reduce everything to its most
elemental form -- to molecules --
then you'll know what it all means.

BORIS

That's a really neat theory, Sid.
I'd like to go get some lunch and
think about it.

INT. UNIVERSITY WEIGHT-LIFTING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Boris sits at one Nautilus weight-lifting machine,
struggling desperately, while Sid sits next to Boris
at another machine, rhythmically flipping the bars
back and forth with ease.

KUHLENBECK

So tell me, Boris -- what's going
on in Harry's garage?

Boris lets go of the bars. The weights go crashing down.

BORIS

Garage?

KUHLENBECK

Right. Garage. Those little
buildings in the back of houses
that you put cars in... unless
you're Harry Wolper. Then who
knows what the hell's in there.

BORIS

(evasive)

I think he's creating life, Sid.

KUHLENBECK

(a big smile)

Tell Harry that it's already been
done.

INT. MEN'S SHOWERS - AFTERNOON

Boris and Sid are showering across from each other.

KUHLENBECK

Okay, Boris, the bottom line.
Harry Wolper is crazy. He's got
to go and he's got to go soon --
certainly before he screws up our
grants before the Funding Committee.
Transferring Harry out to Northfield
with the rest of the old codgers
could be a very easy way to get rid
of him.

(MORE)

KUHLENBECK (CONT'D)

Now sooner or later you're going to tell us what Harry's up to in his garage, if we have to squeeze your nuts until they crack wide open.

BORIS

(very brave, but
very naked)

Yeh, well, I don't think Harry's crazy at all. For chrissake, he's got a Nobel Prize, doesn't he?

KUHLENBECK

Twenty years ago, way back when he was sane, he got one, yes. Now what the hell's he doing in his garage?

BORIS

Forget it, Sid! I'm not helping you get rid of Harry! You just don't like him because he's the only one around here who cares about the Big Picture!

Sid throws his towel against the wall, furious.

KUHLENBECK

What the fuck is the Big Picture?!

BORIS

I don't know what the fuck the Big Picture is, but one of these days when Harry thinks I'm ready, he's going to let me know! Now leave me alone, will you!

Boris walks defiantly to a door, opens it, flicks his towel over his shoulder, and stomps out, slamming the door. On the door are the words: EXIT TO POOL ONLY. From behind the door, come SOUNDS OF MALE AND FEMALE HOOTING and GENERAL COMMOTION. The door opens and Boris re-enters, red-faced, a towel clutched irately over his crotch, and, ignoring Sid, he marches across the shower room and exits through the door marked: EXIT TO MEN'S LOCKERS ONLY.

EXT. FRONT OF UNIVERSITY BIOMEDICAL RESEARCH CENTER - DAY

Harry is exiting with his bicycle.

He walks a few steps when Boris, a physical wreck, appears from the side and joins him.

HARRY

So, how did it go?

BORIS

Kuhlenbeck's a lunatic, Harry.
He's certifiable.

HARRY

Why don't you trot along and
we'll talk about it.

BORIS

(exasperated)

I don't want to trot along, Harry.
Why is everybody trying to
exercise me today? Do I look
like I'm spastic or something?

Harry doesn't answer as they walk along in silence.

HARRY

I need an egg, Boris.

BORIS

Find a chicken, Harry.

HARRY

A live human egg, Boris. This is
it. The big moment has arrived.
I can put the nucleus from one of
Lucy's cells in place of the
nucleus in an ovum, and it'll
grow into Lucy. I need an egg,
Boris.

BORIS

(looking at Harry
incredulously)

Sid might be right about you,
after all. Come on, Harry, how
are you going to get some woman
to give you her egg, advertise?

Harry smiles.

EXT. STREETS BY UNIVERSITY - LATE AFTERNOON

Harry, riding his bicycle, stops by a telephone pole
and marks a large "X" on it with a piece of chalk.
Then he rides off.

In a few seconds, Boris trots up to the pole, carrying a large pile of flyers. He braces himself against the pole to catch his breath, wipes perspiration from his forehead, sets down the flyers, removes a staple gun from his back pocket, and staples a poster over where Harry has marked his "X". Then he picks up the flyers and trots toward the next "X".

The poster reads: EGG WANTED. NOBEL BIOLOGIST HAS IMMEDIATE OPENING FOR FERTILE FEMALE. WILL TRAIN.

INT. BORIS'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Boris lies on the bed, zonked out, as Zeno whirrs in.

ZENO

... gorgeous face, golden robust body, near-genius intelligence... all yours, if you ever get out of bed! Come on, Lafkin, move your ass!

Boris is absolutely motionless.

ZENO

Countdown! Five -- four -- three -- two -- one!

Zeno clamps his arm on the bed and sends a mild jolt of electricity through the metal frame, knocking Boris off the bed onto the floor. Boris, still zonked out, swats feebly at the air as though the electricity were only a buzzing insect.

ZENO

(recycling)

Wake up, stupid, it's time to resume your quest for the -- (FANFARE) -- Ultimate Female... gorgeous face, golden robust --

EXT. UNIVERSITY QUADRANGLE - AFTERNOON

Students fill the quad on their way home after a day of classes. Boris sees Barbara from behind, sitting on a bench, sneaks up behind her, and covers her eyes with his hands.

BORIS

See if you can guess. I run a beverage delivery service to high rise apartments --

Barbara laughs. Boris lifts his hands. Barbara turns around. Her face is streaked with tears. Boris's smile fades.

BARBARA

A lot of stuff's been building up.

BORIS

You want to go somewhere and talk?

Barbara becomes more tearful at Boris's tenderness and is only able to shake her head "yes".

EXT. ROAD UP A NEARBY HILL - LATE AFTERNOON

Boris and Barbara are walking their bikes up the narrow road.

BARBARA

I never really wanted to move in with Larry. It's been a disaster, Boris.

BORIS

(mixed feelings)

That's terrible.

BARBARA

I keep trying to talk it out, but Larry just gets angry. It's over.

BORIS

(a hearty attempt)

That's terrible.

BARBARA

I've got to get out of there, Boris. I thought I had a room lined up at this friend of a friend's, but it fell through... Oh, it's lovely up here...

The sun sets below them, behind the city.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - SODA FOUNTAIN NEAR THE CAMPUS - EVENING

Students sit drinking coffee and sodas. Harry sits in a corner, working on a large strawberry ice cream soda. Paul enters, works his way through the students, and joins Harry.

HARRY

You look less than happy today,
Paul.

PAUL

There's a lot of talk about how
happy we'd all be if you were
transferred out to Northfield
with the geriatric set. Sid's
scared to death you're going to
do some of your patented weird
things in front of the Funding
Committee and blow all our money.

(hands Harry the
"EGG-WANTED" flyer)

They're giving me a rough time
of it, Harry.

HARRY

(perusing the flyer)

You're good at surviving rough
times, Paul. That's how you
became Department Chairman.

PAUL

No, as I recall, I got to be
Chairman after we'd received our
Nobel Prizes and you turned the
Chairmanship down.

Harry lowers the flyer he's been reading and sees MELI,
a 19-year-old, diminutive, very appealing girl, sitting
alone in a booth, sipping soda through a straw and
sobbing quietly. Several times Harry and Meli's eyes
meet and avert. Harry tries to talk with Paul but
can't keep his eyes off Meli.

HARRY

When I first met Lucy, the world
was a pet, Paul. It came along
with us wherever we went... like
a nice dog... obedient, loyal,
friendly -- The world responded
to our commands. Remember?

PAUL

(concerned about
Harry's melancholy)

You know something, Harry -- we
haven't kept up. No one's
interested in the ruthless pursuit
of Big Ideas any more -- It's
details, details, details.

HARRY
(eyes still on Meli)
You asking me to resign?

PAUL
If I asked, would you do it?

HARRY
Of course not.

PAUL
So I'm not asking.

Paul sees that Harry's attention is elsewhere. He turns and sees Meli. Then he looks back at Harry. He shakes his head.

PAUL
Run out of one-nighters, Harry?
She's twelve years old. You'll
go to jail.

HARRY
This is an act of compassion.
I'll plead extenuating circumstances.

Paul nods and leaves as Harry walks over and sits with Meli.

HARRY
Are you all right?

MELI
Do I look like I'm all right?
I'm miserable is what I am.

HARRY
I'm sorry to hear that.

MELI
Why? You don't even know me. I
could be crying because I just
drowned my cat.

HARRY
You don't impress me as the cat
drowning type. Anything I can
do to help?

MELI
No, there isn't a goddam thing
you can do.

(MORE)

MELI (CONT'D)

Two weeks ago my boyfriend took off, and I think maybe he got me pregnant, but I'll be damned if I'm going to one of those lousy six-at-a-time welfare clinics and get another stupid lecture from some fat nurse on my reproductive system and how I could stop my ovaries from making eggs if only I let them put all these goddam diaphragms and loops and coils and God knows what else inside me. And I don't have any money to see a private doctor to see if I'm pregnant, even if I had a private doctor, which I don't. So there, now you know.

HARRY

(looks at egg flyer
in hand, then up
at Meli and smiles)

I think I can help.

EXT. TOP OF HILL - EVENING

The sun is nearly set. Boris and Barbara sit beside each other, looking at the city below them.

BARBARA

It's so quiet. Up here you'd never know how complicated it all is down there.

BORIS

It gets very complicated sometimes, doesn't it? I don't understand why it always has to be like that. What I want seems so simple -- my degree so I can do something with my life, and I've got this crazy need to be middle class. I want a home in a nice neighborhood and a family I can love. That's all.

Barbara looks up at Boris and smiles. Boris shrugs. He looks at Barbara silently for a moment, then smiles back.

BORIS

You know, Barbara, I've got lots of room in my apartment.

BARBARA

That's really nice of you, Boris,
but I'll find something soon, I'm
sure.

BORIS

Soon as you get another place,
you can move right out. You can
have the bedroom. I end up
sleeping on the sofa most of the
time anyway.

BARBARA

Boris, I hardly even know you.

BORIS

Ah, you know me. I'm harmless.

Barbara stares at Boris. Then she breaks into a big
grin.

BARBARA

Okay. I'll do it.

BORIS

That's terrific.

BARBARA

Just until I find another place.
Temporary.

BORIS

Absolutely.

Boris breaks into a large smile.

BARBARA

I'm not up for anything else.
Don't try to make me. You've
got to promise, Boris.

BORIS

I promise.

Boris's smile broadens. Barbara can't help smiling back.

BARBARA

(grinning)
I really mean it, Boris.

BORIS

(an enormous smile)
Me, too.

INT. SURGICAL ROOM IN HARRY'S LAB/GARAGE - EARLY EVENING

Through the percolating equipment in Harry's garage, we SEE Harry in an adjoining sterile room. He hums to a RECORDING of "AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'", as he finishes reading a urine test on Meli, who walks around, fascinated by the lab.

MELI

This is awfully goddam nice of you, Dr. Wolper.

HARRY

(looking in
microscope)

Meli, you didn't use one of those drug store tests to find out if you were pregnant, did you?

MELI

I didn't have to, Dr. Wolper. A woman knows these things. I missed my period. Isn't that enough?

HARRY

Not this time.

MELI

You mean I'm not pregnant?

HARRY

(looking up from
microscope)

That's what I mean.

MELI

That's wonderful, Dr. Wolper. Just dynamite. You sure there isn't anything I might be able to do for you in return? Just name it. Anything.

HARRY

Well, let me think...

INT. HARRY'S SURGICAL ROOM - EVENING

Meli lies discretely draped on the examining table, an expression of total disbelief on her face, as Harry works away.

MELI

I guess you must've loved your wife a whole lot to keep her growing all these years.

HARRY

This shouldn't take much longer. I'll have your egg in a minute.

MELI

(eyes closed, basking)
Oh, God, Dr. Wolper, that feels so good!

HARRY

Just a few more seconds.

MELI

You're not going to stop now?

HARRY

I'm not stopping.

MELI

Don't stop.

HARRY

I'm not stopping. Just hold on.

MELI

I'm holding on, Dr. Wolper.

HARRY

Just hold on while I get it.
Hold on!

MELI

I'm holding! I'm holding!

HARRY

Here it comes. Here it -- I've got it!

MELI

Oh, I'm so glad you got it, Dr. Wolper. I'm just glad all over!

HARRY

Meli, I've done it! I've done it!

MELI

Me, too, Dr. Wolper! Me, too!

Meli orgasms, unseen INSTRUMENTS Jangling loudly.
Harry stands back in astonishment. Meli flips off
the table.

CLOSE-UP: Meli's legs waddling over to Harry.

MELI
(looking at Harry
in rapture)
You were magnificent, Dr. Wolper.

CLOSE-UP: Meli's face. She kisses a bewildered Harry,
as the SPECULUM dislodges and CRASHES to the floor.

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE/LAB - NIGHT

Harry is at his microscope. Meli sits on the floor,
absently stroking a guinea pig which she holds in her
lap.

MELI
Dr. Wolper. Why do I orgasm all
the time from absolutely everything?
I feel like a goddam battery,
charging and discharging and
charging up again. I think maybe
I'm a nympho-maniac. I had to
disconnect the buzzer in my car
because whenever I ran the
seatbelt across my tits, I'd come
before I could get the key in
the goddam ignition.

HARRY
You seem fairly healthy to me,
Meli.

MELI
I think I'm too goddam healthy,
Dr. Wolper. What guy's going to
feel good about having sex with
you when you've already come six
times between his ringing the
doorbell and opening the screendoor?

HARRY
You're very fortunate, Meli. The
orgasm expresses the ultimate joy
of creation.

MELI
Ah, come on, Dr. Wolper.
(MORE)

MELI (CONT'D)

You don't really think all those
horny people going crazy over
each other so they can play hide
the salami has anything to do
with creation?

HARRY

Ultimately, yes. It's love, Meli.

MELI

I don't think so, Dr. Wolper. Real
love is very quiet and tender, mostly.
It's like this beautiful light that
lets you see things that no one
else can see.

Harry and Meli stare at each other. Meli leans against
the wall and strokes her animal. Harry takes the
ovum from the microscope and puts it in the incubator,
while glancing occasionally over at Meli, who yawns.
As Meli closes her eyes, Harry returns to his microscope
to look at another cell.

INSERT: A CELL. LOSE FOCUS.

EXT. BOARDWALK - EARLY EVENING (1946)

REGAIN FOCUS. Couples stroll past colorful shop windows
and vendors. Harry wears his white slacks, a striped
jacket and boater. Lucy is dazzling in a white dress,
her sun-bleached hair billowing in the sea-breeze.
Lucy hands Harry a photo.

INSERT: PHOTO OF LUCY IN SWIMSUIT AND MISS NEW JERSEY
BANNER.

HARRY

(examining photo)

You're a bathing beauty queen!
Hallelujah! I've hit the
jackpot!

Harry puts the photo in his jacket pocket.

LUCY

Hey.. Let me have that back.

HARRY

Nope.

A chase. Lucy corners Harry in the doorway of a shop.

LUCY

I want the photo back, Harry.

HARRY

I've got something you want. You've got something I want. Your chastity's become a serious medical problem for me, Lucy.

LUCY

Sorry, Harry. You're going to have to heal yourself, physician. Besides, my mom says you should be married first.

HARRY

That's okay. Lucy, will you marry me?

LUCY

Do you love me, Harry?

HARRY

(with great affection)

Yes, I do, Lucy. I love you very much.

LUCY

I thought so. Yes. I'll marry you, Harry.

They kiss tenderly, then walk slowly down the boardwalk, Harry's arm around Lucy. We SEE them from the back.

HARRY

You know, Lucy, it's really quite remarkable that we get along so well, don't you think... you a bathing beauty queen and me a physician?

LUCY

Not at all, Harry. I'm a natural scientist, and you, sweetie, are basically a dumb broad.

INT. ATLANTIC CITY RACETRACK - NIGHT

Two figures lying down under the grandstand. SOUNDS OF LOVEMAKING followed by the CLANGING STARTING BELL for the horses.

RACETRACK ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And they're off and running!

SOUNDS OF LOVEMAKING intermixed with HORSES HOOVES
and CHEERING CROWD which climaxes at the finish line.

Harry and Lucy are in each other's arms.

HARRY

I love you, Lucy.

We SEE Lucy's face. She is radiant, dazzling,
beautiful.

LUCY

I love you, Harry.

The image of Lucy lasts only a second. LOSE FOCUS.

INT. HARRY'S LABORATORY - NIGHT (1984)

Harry looks up from his microscope, surveys his
laboratory, then a photo of Lucy, then studies Meli,
asleep on the floor.

INT. BORIS'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Boris sits in the stillness, typing at his computer.
Zeno is plugged into it. Each word that Boris types
up on the green phosphor computer screen is spoken in
turn by Zeno.

ZENO

Barbara... Spencer...?. You've...
really...

INT. BORIS'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Boris is brushing his teeth in the bathroom, as Zeno
squeezes oranges unsuccessfully in the kitchen.

ZENO

Barbara Specner? You've really
got to be crazy to get all worked
up about some girl you don't
even know, who's already on the
rebound, and you had to beg to
live with you besides. What's
with you?

The PHONE RINGS and Boris goes to answer it.

ZENO

If you're going to live like this,
why stop halfway?

(MORE)

ZENO (CONT'D)

Send mash notes to Jackie Bissett
threatening suicide if she doesn't
mail you her underwear --

Boris picks up the phone. On the other end is the LOUD
CLANG of HARRY'S COMPRESSOR -- CHUGGUTTA-BANG-CHUGGUTTA-
BANG-BANG --

HARRY (V.O.)

I don't understand it, Boris... I
was running the compressor at 500 --

INT. HARRY'S BREAKFAST ROOM - MORNING

Harry is sitting having a delicate little breakfast
when Boris enters, covered with grease, carrying heavy
tools.

BORIS

(exasperated)

Three hundred, Harry. You think
you can remember that? Because one
of these days if I get lucky, I
won't be available in the mornings.
Just 'cause you live like a monk --

(drops the tools on
his feet)

Son of a bitch!

HARRY

(nibbling toast)

One word, Boris. Sonofabitch.

As Boris heads toward the john off the breakfast room
to wash up, the tools fall again.

BORIS

Sonofabitch!

HARRY

Sonofabitch! Accent on the last
syllable. You see, Boris, Frederick
Hegel left us with two powerful
ideas. "Nothing great has ever been
accomplished without passion," he
said. And sonofabitch.

BORIS (O.S.)

(while washing in the
john)

Hegel's a sonofabitch.

Boris emerges from the john and sits down across from Harry as Mrs. Mallory enters and puts breakfast in front of him. In a second, Meli walks in, hair tousled, clothes rumpled, goes over to Harry and kisses him. Mrs. Mallory picks up her tray, now filled with dirty dishes, and bustles toward the kitchen.

MRS. MALLORY

Humph.

MELI

(taking a seat next
to Harry)

I'll tell you, Dr. Wolper, your
sofa's worse than the back of a
Volkswagen.

BORIS

(flabbergasted, to
Harry)

Who the hell is she?

MELI

I'm Meli, Dr. Wolper's 19-year-old
nymphomaniac who's helping 'im
grow his dead wife.

A LOUD CRASH of a TRAY OF DISHES hitting the kitchen floor.

HARRY

(heading for the
kitchen)

If you'll excuse me...

Harry leaves for the kitchen. Meli butters and jellies
a piece of toast as she looks at Boris off and on and
smiles.

BORIS

Who are you really?

MELI

(munching her toast)

Really? I'm Meli, Dr. Wolper's
fiancee. Actually, I'm not exactly
his fiancee, but I am going to
marry him. Only don't say anything
to him, okay? I don't want to
get him all nervous.

BORIS

(stares at Meli in
disbelief, then)

Harry! Sonofabitch! Sonofabitch!
Sonofabitch! Son Of A Bitch!

HARRY
(poking his head
out of the kitchen)
Keep working on it.

MELI
You got a girl, Boris?

Boris's head jerks back and forth between Harry and Meli.

INT. STAIRWELL OF BORIS'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Barbara emerges from Boris's apartment, a cat under each arm and Agamemnon straining at the leash. She looks down the stairs and watches Boris struggling up with the refrigerator.

INT. BORIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Boris has finished moving Barbara. Agamemnon is asleep, the two cats snuggled against him. Boris, lying on the sofa in the darkened living room, watches helplessly as Barbara removes bras and panties from her suitcase. He whimpers. In a moment, Barbara finishes, climbs into bed, and shuts the light. They lie a room apart, silent in the dark.

BARBARA
I really appreciate all your help,
Boris.

BORIS
I'm glad you decided to come.

BARBARA
Basically, I'm a very shy person.
Larry never understood that.

BORIS
I'm kind of shy, too, Barbara.

BARBARA
It's hard being shy, don't you think?
Larry says that deep down, guys want
a woman who's really free and open,
especially about her body.

BORIS
(not quite the whole
story)
I think that being tender... and
gentle... is kind of sexy, too...

BARBARA

I don't know, Boris -- Larry says there're a lot of women who're hot all the time, you know... They climb all over their men like they'll never get enough, he says.

BORIS

(squeaking)

I think a girl's personality is very important. I try to think about the whole relationship. I mean, what girl wants a guy to spend all night long going over every part of her body just because it feels good...?

BARBARA

(with extreme difficulty)

Um... Right... G'night, Boris.

BORIS

(trilling in agony)

G'night, Barbara.

Barbara's eyes stare desperately into the night. Boris ducks under his pillow and clamps it tightly around his head. Then he bangs his head up and down on the sofa.

INT. BORIS'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Boris is asleep on the sofa, his head under the pillow. Zeno is whirring toward the bedroom where Barbara now sits up in bed, watching in fascination as the robot enters.

ZENO

-- gorgeous face, golden robust body, near-genius intelligence... all yours...

BORIS

(from under his pillow)

Fuck off, Zeno.

ZENO

-- if you ever get out of bed! Come on, Lafkin, move your ass!

BORIS

I said to fuck off, Zeno!

A WET, SLURPING SOUND.

BORIS

You too, Agamemnon, get the --
Oh, my God, Agamemnon!

ZENO

Countdown! Five -- four --
three -- two --

Boris races in the room and yanks Barbara out of bed at the last possible instant. They fall together to the floor.

ZENO

-- one!

Barbara watches in shock as Zeno clamps on the bed and sends a jolt of electricity through it.

BORIS

(very sheepishly)
I forgot about Zeno...

Boris realizes that he has Barbara in his arms in a thin nightgown. He looks into her eyes. Barbara starts to run her hands through Boris's hair when the PHONE starts RINGING. It is too distracting for her, and, to Boris's dismay, she gets up to answer it. When she picks up the phone, there is the SOUND CHUGGUTTA-BANG-CHUGGUTTA-BANG-BANG...

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE - MORNING

Meli walks up to the compressor, gives it a kick, and it sputters and dies. Harry hangs up the phone very gently.

MELI

Come on, Einstein. Mrs. Mallory's got breakfast ready.

Before he leaves, Harry takes a quick Polaroid of Lucy's cell.

HARRY

(explaining to Meli)
Lucy. The first day of her life.
I'm starting a baby album.

MELI

(pulling Harry off
by the arm)
I don't believe this.

INT. HARRY'S BREAKFAST ROOM - MORNING

Mrs. Mallory, serving breakfast, studies Meli and shakes her head disapprovingly. Meli smiles. Harry looks over his morning paper at Meli in fascination. Meli waves.

MELI

Want to get married?

Harry chokes on his coffee, droplets spattering about.

MRS. MALLORY

(bustling away)

Humph.

EXT. HIGHWAY TO BEACH - DAY

Harry's pick-up truck is rolling merrily along, packed with assorted friends and enemies -- Paul, Meli, Lyman, Gabe, Arthur, Martin, Pavlo and others, including Barbara and Boris, who is deliriously happy. He puts his arm around Barbara. She snuggles against him as everyone sings along with Harry, who leads from the cab of the truck he's driving.

ALL

"... but we'll travel along,
singing a song/ side by side."

Following behind the truck is Kuhlenbeck in his big Buick, also packed with people. Macho music blares loudly from the car radio.

EXT. ROAD IN FRONT OF HARRY'S BEACH COTTAGE - MORNING

The truck pulls up beside Harry's cottage, followed by several cars. Everyone piles out, laughing and horsing around.

EXT. BEACH IN FRONT OF HARRY'S COTTAGE - LUNCHTIME

The annual departmental fall barbeque, the first get together after the summer. It's a warm Indian Summer day in early September. People roast hot dogs, talk, sun and swim. Off on the side, Boris lies on a blanket with Barbara, who is circling apartments for rent in the newspaper.

BARBARA

Here's one -- one bedroom, newly furnished, near university, no lease required.

BORIS

You know, Barbara, you really don't have to move out of my apartment.

BARBARA

(still reading the paper)

That's really nice of you, Boris, but I'm not sure I'm ready to live with anyone right away.

BORIS

This'd just be a roommate kind of thing. Nothing emotional. Just business.

BARBARA

Sounds like fun, Boris.

BORIS

It'd be very good financially, you know. We could share everything -- the rent... the utilities... the food... the laundry...

BARBARA

(a big smile)

You're right, Boris. It'd really cut down on our overhead.

Sid appears, standing over Boris.

KUHLENBECK

Big game's in an hour, Boris. Harry's lab against mine. Don't forget.

Sid dashes off, his quick start sending sand into Boris's face. Boris growls and starts to get up, but Barbara restrains him.

Harry and Meli are over at the grill, serving themselves.

MELI

I really mean it, Dr. Wolper. I want us to get married.

HARRY

Meli, you still call me "Dr. Wolper".

MELI

(slopping on lots of
mustard)

So what is that supposed to mean? When I met you, you were Dr. Wolper, and that's the way I got to know you, so don't go making any big goddam deal out of that, too. I'm just a formal type person.

Meli follows Harry to a faculty group at the picnic table.

MELI

(as they walk to
the table)

If I was sleeping with the King of France, I'd say --

Meli and Harry reach the table and sit down. The assembled scientists look up at Meli talking to Harry.

MELI

-- that was nice sex, Your Highness. Thank you for banging me, Your Majesty.

PAUL

(to the assembled
group)

Now, that's what I call respect, fellows.

Boris and Barbara are now walking along the beach.

BORIS

I get lots of magazines... we could share them, too...

BARBARA

(still amused)

It all sounds so good, Boris.

BORIS

Barbara, what religion are you?

BARBARA

We get to share God, too?

(a beat)

I'm Catholic, Boris.

BORIS

Really Catholic?

(MORE)

BORIS (CONT'D)

Like believing in Christ and
confession and saying Hail Mary's
and all that?

BARBARA

Really Catholic. But, if I stay,
I promise not to pray out loud
when your friends come over.

Over at the cooler, Sid approaches colleagues opening
beers.

KUHLENBECK

Big game in twenty minutes, guys.

PAVLO

We'll be there, Sid.

Harry walks by with Meli. Everyone watches.

KUHLENBECK

I'm telling you guys, if Harry
flips out before the Funding
Committee, it's all over for the
Department. Now I've got a plan...

All the colleagues simultaneously take their beers and
pour them over Sid's head.

Meli and Harry are walking along the shore.

MELI

Look, Dr. Wolper, I don't care
if you clone my egg with a
daffodil, no marriage, no more
eggs.

HARRY

What about love?

MELI

What about it? Love only lasts
six months, you know. Then it
turns into a relationship. It's
a law of nature.

HARRY

(fascinated)

You don't think it's possible
to love someone for your entire
life?

MELI

Are you putting me on? If I got turned on for my whole life like I do when I'm in love, I'd die of dehydration.

HARRY

Meli, you've painted a rather bleak picture of a sacred institution.

MELI

Right. Very sacred -- the dishwasher breaks down, the roof's leaking, one kid's in bed with the measles and the other's out on bail, and on top of it all, you've got your goddam period. What the hell good would love do in the middle of all that? Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go play with my peer group.

Sid arrives and stands beside Harry, watching Meli's bottom jiggle fetchingly as she runs off.

KUHLENBECK

(lewdly)

Who is she, Harry?

HARRY

I keep her in my garage, Sid.

KUHLENBECK

Don't you wish. So who is she?

HARRY

Meli.

KUHLENBECK

Not bad, Harry. I've got to hand it to you. Not bad at all. Can I take a stab, so to speak, or is she all yours?

HARRY

Meli, belongs only to Meli, Sid.

KUHLENBECK

Thanks, Harry. You're a real sport.

Before Sid can take a running step, Harry grabs his arm.

HARRY

Later, Sid. Time for the big football game.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD BESIDE HARRY'S COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

Kuhlenbeck crashes into Boris during the intense game of football between Harry's students (wearing "Wolper's Wonders" tee-shirts) and Kuhlenbeck's students (wearing shirts marked "Kuhlenbeck's Killers"). Harry stands on the sidelines, along with other faculty and students not from the two labs playing each other, cheering on his team.

BORIS

(running to Harry,
panting)

Son of a bitch. Kuhlenbeck's out to kill, Harry. Can't you do something?

HARRY

Sonofabitch, and I don't understand why you've gotten so worked up about Sid lately, Boris. The man just wants respect.

Kuhlenbeck makes another bone-crunching tackle.

HARRY

(calling across the
field)

Nice tackle, Sid.

KUHLENBECK

(calling back to
Harry)

Thanks, Harry. I played varsity at Columbia.

HARRY

So I've heard. That's very impressive, Sid.

BORIS

Don't you think you're overdoing it a little, Harry?

HARRY

(shouting to Sid)

I thought that varsity athletes weren't allowed in these games, Sid.

KUHLENBECK

We never made that rule, Harry.
Just because a guy's played some
varsity ball, it doesn't mean he
can't play with us.

HARRY

My mistake, Sid. Sorry.

Harry turns and waves toward his cottage. Out of it
comes an enormous ex-football player. He runs up to
Harry.

HARRY

The man says you can play,
Boom-Boom.

Boom-Boom runs onto the field.

HARRY

(putting his arm
around Boris)

Boris... anticipation is
everything.

CLOSE-UP: Sid in three-point stance. He looks up to
find himself facing Boom-Boom, also in a three-point
stance. Boom-Boom gives Sid a big smile that displays
a sizable gap between his two front teeth.

EXT. IN FRONT OF HARRY'S BEACH COTTAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Sid, now wearing a tight little bathing suit with his
beeper hooked on the side of it, is emerging out of
Harry's cottage with Paul. Sid looks like he's had a
run-in with a Mack truck and lost. He holds a wet
cloth up to a corner of his mouth.

KUHLENBECK

I know whatever Harry's got in
his garage, it'll get him in so
much trouble that the Dean'll
ship him to Northfield in thirty
seconds.

PAUL

You need probably cause for a
search warrant, Sid, and you
don't have any.

KUHLENBECK

I was sure I could crack Boris, but
he's a tough little fucker.

At that instant, Boom-Boom approaches.

BOOM-BOOM

Nice game, Dr. Kuhlenbeck.

Boom-Boom flashes his big smile with the giant space between his two front teeth as he passes Sid. Sid growls.

PAUL

What's the matter, Sid? Bite off more than you can chew?

Sid removes the wet cloth from the side of his mouth and gives a fake smile which now has the same large gap between his own two front teeth.

KUHLENBECK

Ha. Ha. Ha.

Boris and Barbara are over by the cooler getting beers.

BORIS

I'll race you to the blanket.
Last one there puts suntan lotion on the other.

Boris makes a dash for the blanket, followed by Barbara. When he's halfway there, he starts hopping.

BORIS

I'll beat you on one leg.
(quickly falling behind)
Damn! I let you get too far ahead!

BARBARA

(winning the race)
Smartass.

BORIS

(arriving out of breath)
Sonofagun. You beat me.

Boris reaches for the lotion as Barbara turns over and lies on her tummy. She undoes the back of her bra, as Boris squirts lotion on his hands and begins to apply it with long sexy strokes to the inside of Barbara's thighs. Barbara languishes in the feelings.

BARBARA

Some bet.

Sid passes by with Meli.

KUHLENBECK

... but what good is my yacht,
Porsche, European ski villa, even
my reputation as a world-class
scientist, without a woman to
share it all with?

MELI

God, Sid, that's so true. Without
having a woman, there's nothing --
but as soon as us lesbians start
telling people that, they start
calling us dikes and cracking jokes
about oral sex...

KUHLENBECK

(a fast exit)

Darn, I think that's my beeper.

Sid dashes off.

MELI

(shouting loudly)

I hope you find a woman for your
Porsche, Sid.

Several yards away, Sid stops and thinks over the
situation, as he watches Meli race into the water, all
woman. Harry and Paul approach from behind Sid.

KUHLENBECK

(to himself, but
out loud)

Meli's not a lesbian.

PAUL

(as he and Harry
pass Sid)

Boy, Sid, you can't get much
past you these days, can you?

Harry and Paul keep walking. They watch Meli emerge
from the water, dripping wet, glistening. In her
bikini, she is an ll.

HARRY

Meli wants us to get married, Paul.
I can't do that. Still, I look at
Meli, and, well, there're just
some things about her...

PAUL

(watching Meli's
rhythmic approach)

You want the proper anatomical
names for them, or will slang do?

Sid finds himself irresistably drawn back toward Meli.

KUHLENBECK

(as he reaches Meli)

You're not a lesbian. Who are you?

MELI

You're right, Dr. Kuhlbeck, I'm not. What I really am is Dr. Wolper's nineteen-year-old nymphomaniac who's helping him regrow his dead wife.

Sid stands stunned as Meli goes, then a devious smile appears.

EXT. IN FRONT OF HARRY'S BEACH COTTAGE - EVENING

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY plays on a record. Couples dance slowly under paper lanterns. Harry and Boris are perched back on the roof. Boris watches Meli and Barbara walking together in the distance, talking, and he turns to Harry.

BORIS

Harry? How do you know if you're really in love? Like with you and Lucy, how did you know it wasn't just infatuation?

HARRY

Scientifically, of course, Boris. I used the love formula.

BORIS

The what?

HARRY

Love formula. Add up the number of times you think about the lady each day. Subtract from it the times you think about yourself each day. If the result is a positive number, then it's love.

BORIS

I've been thinking about Barbara Spencer alot, Harry.

HARRY

The nice thing about this particular formula is that alot plugs into it really well. So does a night alone in a beach cottage.

Harry looks at Boris and smiles. Meli and Barbara reach the cottage. They look up and note Boris and Harry on the roof.

BARBARA

(to Meli)

What do you think they're doing up there?

MELI

Aerial reconnaissance. They're planning the big bombing run. We're a strategic target.

BARBARA

Meli, I really admire the way you're so... I don't know... free. Is it hard?

MELI

Is what hard?

BARBARA

You know... being like you are?

MELI

How's that?

Barbara looks at Meli and realizes that Meli has no more idea what she is than a fish knows it's a fish.

BARBARA

(she smiles broadly at Meli)

Nothing.

MELI

(not wanting Barbara to feel left out)

Well, I think it's neat that you're such a smart person, Barbara.

Barbara laughs and puts her arm around Meli's waist. Meli, very pleased, interlocks her arm on Barbara's waist, as they reach the cottage where everyone is dancing. Boris, still on the roof with Harry, sees them and heads for the ladder down.

MELI

(seeing Boris on
the ladder)

Here comes the first assault.

Boris comes over to Barbara, takes her hand, and starts dancing with her. Meli watches, then gets Harry's attention. Meli waves for him to come down and dance. Harry points to his awkward feet. Meli points emphatically to the ground. Harry sighs, climbs down, goes to Meli and starts dancing with her. Meli, pleased, snuggles against Harry and closes her eyes.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

Boris and Barbara, dancing close to each other. The CAMERA PULLS BACK and we SEE that everyone else has left. The record ends, Boris and Barbara hold hands and walk to the shore.

BARBARA

(a little dreamy, but
waking up)

Where's Harry?

BORIS

He took everyone back to town.
Said he won't be back for a
couple hours.

BARBARA

Harry's kind of crazy, isn't he?

BORIS

I don't think so, Barbara.

BARBARA

(back to reality,
awake)

Well, be careful, Boris. You've
got a lot more to lose than Harry
does. He's almost finished his
career.

Boris and Barbara sit on the sand, watching the sea.

BORIS

Barbara, do you think there's
life on other planets?

BARBARA

(smiling)

Are we about to have a significant
discussion, Boris?

BORIS

Just wondering.

(a beat)

Barbara, what do you think's happening with us? Do you think it's real, or just something temporary or what?

BARBARA

(can't help laughing a little)

Boris, I absolutely insist that we don't start analyzing our relationship until we've had one.

BORIS

(a little hurt)

Okay.

(a beat)

So what do you want to do?

BARBARA

(a wonderful idea)

Boris, do you think we could go skinny dipping without either of us....?

BORIS

Not me.

BARBARA

(runs ahead and slips off her suit)

Ah, you can't do it in the water, anyway.

BORIS

(trying to get out of suit fast)

Oh, yes you can!

Barbara jumps in the water, well ahead of Boris, who is struggling with his swimsuit. She swims out and waves to Boris. Boris finally gets out of his suit and runs into the water.

BORIS

Here I come!

BARBARA

Oh, it feels so goddam sexy, Boris.

BORIS

Don't say things like that.

BARBARA

Boris, just let me swim for a little bit, okay? I want to feel the sea.

BORIS

(with great difficulty)

Okay. Just a little bit.

Barbara and Boris swim luxuriously beside each other.

BARBARA

God, I wish we could do this all the time. Doesn't it feel wonderful with the water going all over your body?

BORIS

Okay, Barbara, that's a little bit.

Boris swims up to Barbara, who sends a splash of water into his face. They wrestle playfully in the water. Finally Barbara breaks free and heads toward the shore.

BARBARA

(calling back to Boris)

Don't hurt me, Boris.

BORIS

Hurt you? What about me?

BARBARA

(quickly slipping on her suit)

Ah, you can take care of yourself.

BORIS

No, I can't. I can not.

Boris gets to his swimsuit, slips it on, and catches up to Barbara just in front of the cottage, and a sand fight ensues.

BORIS

(holding Barbara, ending the battle)

It's not fair to take off your clothes like that, you know.

BARBARA

Yeh, well, you've gotten even. Look at me. I've got sand all over me. I'm going to go take a shower.

INT. UPSTAIRS IN HARRY'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Boris, a towel wrapped around his waist, is waiting outside the bathroom door for Barbara to finish her shower.

BORIS

I was fifteen years old. She was twenty-one. I didn't know what the hell I was doing.

BARBARA

(laughing behind the
bathroom door)

Can you see if there're some more towels around, Boris. I need one for my hair.

Boris leaves and returns a second later with another towel. He knocks on the door. Barbara opens it a crack, a towel in front of her, but Boris gets a magnificent rear view in the mirror behind her. The door closes quickly.

BARBARA

I guess they've been lots since then, huh?

Boris is leaning against the wall, catching his breath.

BORIS

I don't know if you'd say lots.

BARBARA

I'll bet. Come on, Boris. How many girls have you slept with?

BORIS

I don't know, really. Not a whole lot.

BARBARA

I don't believe you, Boris.

The door to the bathroom opens and Barbara emerges. She is wearing a towel which hides nothing. Boris is devastated.

BORIS

oh, God, Barbara.

BARBARA

Go take your shower, Boris.

Boris whimpers. As Barbara passes him in the narrow hall, she yanks at Boris's towel which comes off instantly.

BARBARA

(laughing)

All my life I've wanted to do that to a guy! All my life!

BORIS

Come here, Barbara.

BARBARA

No thank you, Boris.

Boris bolts after Barbara.

BARBARA

Uh oh.

Barbara races into the bedroom and just manages to lock the door. Boris pulls at it a few times and then gives up.

BORIS

We'll discuss this later.

Boris starts to walk back down the hall.

BARBARA

(from behind her safe door)

Boris?

BORIS

What?

BARBARA

You've got a nice body, Boris.

BORIS

(very pleased)

So do you, Barbara. You're gorgeous. Want to come into the shower with me?

BARBARA

I just took a shower. I'm clean.

BORIS

There's still some sand on your back. I saw it as you were running away.

The door unlocks and Barbara timidly steps from the room.

BARBARA
(walking toward Boris)
I hate not getting all the sand
off. It gets on the sheets,
and you feel like you're
sleeping on sandpaper.

BORIS
It's very aggravating.

Barbara reaches Boris and looks up at him.

BARBARA
I've never taken a shower with
anyone before.

BORIS
Neither have I. I do know one
thing about it, though.
(removing Barbara's
towel)
You probably won't need this.

INT. SHOWER IN HARRY'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Boris and Barbara are soaping each other with abandon.

BARBARA
I can't believe I'm doing this.

BORIS
This is an excellent decision
you've made, Barbara.

BARBARA
(giggling)
I can't believe I'm doing this.
It's so middle-class, Boris -- two
people soaping each other in the
shower.

BORIS
(having a very
good time)
The socio-economic implications
are mind-boggling.

BARBARA
(laughing)
It's not like me at all. It's
so... middle... class...

BORIS
I told you, Barbara. I'm
middle-class.

(MORE)

BORIS (CONT'D)
I go 'crazy over Little League and
station wagons.

BARBARA
(soaping Boris's
chest)
You do, huh?

BORIS
(it feels good)
Middle-class is fun. I am so
goddam sick of people who are
liberal... Fuck group sex!
Fuck smelling coke!

BARBARA
(her hands all over
Boris)
And gasahol... fuck gasahol...

BORIS
(kissing Barbara
passionately)
And solar heat!

BARBARA
(her tongue on Boris's
lips)
And four-wheel drive!

BORIS
(licking Barbara's
neck)
And ten-speed bikes!

BARBARA
(with mounting passion)
And macrame! Fuck macrame!

BORIS
(sucking Barbara's
ears)
And the whales! Fuck the whales!

BARBARA
(breathless)
And the Metropolitan Opera!

BORIS
Fuck yogurrrrrrrrrrrrrrt!

BARBARA
(catching her breath)
Oh, fuck...

BORIS
(catching his breath)
Fuck...

Boris and Barbara hold each other under the running water and look into each other's eyes.

BARBARA
(very quietly)
Fuck me, Boris. Please fuck me...

BORIS
(very gently)
Oh, God, yes, I want to. I want to so much.

BARBARA
(and very gently back)
Now, Boris. Fuck me now, please.

Boris kisses Barbara passionately. Barbara returns his kiss, then holds him away from her. She looks at him in silence.

BARBARA
Boris, promise me that we'll always be friends. I don't think I could stand it if we ever stopped being friends.

Boris looks at Barbara and tears form in his eyes.

BARBARA
What did I say?

BORIS
(trying to smile through wet eyes)
Nothing, Barbara. It's just that I never thought I'd love anyone like I love you.

BARBARA
(hugging Boris tightly)
Oh, I love you, Boris. Let's go fuck our brains out.

FANFARE! CANNONS FIRING! 1812 OVERTURE!

INT. BEDROOM IN HARRY'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Boris and Barbara are in bed, passionately making love.

BORIS

Oh, Barbara... I don't... want...
this to end...

BARBARA

(trying to move things
along)

Me neither... Boris...

BORIS

Barbara... I think... we should...
get married... Marry me, please...
will you...?

BARBARA

Okay... But can we finish this...
first...?

BORIS

Oh yeh... sure... sure...

A final rapturous flurry of lovemaking. Then they rest
beside each other in silence. Behind them the slight
SOUND of the WAVES BREAKING gently on the shore.

BORIS

Did you really mean that... that
you'll marry me?

Barbara runs her hand fondly in Boris's hair.

BARBARA

Yes, I did, Boris.

BORIS

Thank you, Barbara. Thank you
very much.

BARBARA

You're welcome, Boris.

BORIS

(a pause, then)

Barbara, would you mind if I made
love to you again for a while?

Barbara puts her arms around Boris and squeezes him.

BARBARA

I love you, Boris.

BORIS

I love you, Barbara.

CAMERA PULLS BACK and TRACKS DOWN the stairs, past photos on the wall of past faculty picnics, Lucy, and friends, to Harry.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF HARRY'S BEACH COTTAGE - LATE NIGHT

Harry sits on the sofa in the living room. The MUFFLED SOUNDS of Boris and Barbara MAKING LOVE are heard upstairs, as Harry reads a journal and smokes his cigar.

Harry looks up from his journal and "sees" Lucy, sitting on the other end of the sofa, pregnant, knitting, a picture of domesticity. She looks up from her knitting at Harry and smiles sweetly as she tilts her head knowingly up towards the "kids" making love above them.

Harry smiles back, but Lucy isn't there.

EXT. BEACH - AFTERNOON

Harry walks along the shore, as Boris and Barbara, circling him with their arms, dance around him like a moving Maypole.

EXT. DRIVEWAY BESIDE COTTAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Harry loads his satchel into the back of his truck, then leans against a fender, glances at his watch, and looks up at the second floor bathroom window, covering with steam.

EXT. HIGHWAY - EVENING

Harry is driving the truck into the sunset. In the back, Boris and Barbara are asleep in each other's arms.

EXT. HARRY'S HOUSE - LATE AT NIGHT

The middle of the night. All is quiet and peaceful.

INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - LATE AT NIGHT

Harry, asleep, suddenly startles and sits up. He looks around him, sensing something, then gets up, puts on his slippers and robe and heads downstairs.

INT. FRONT HALL OF HARRY'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Harry tip-toes past the living room where Meli is asleep on the sofa, still talking in her sleep. He ducks quietly out.

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE - LATE NIGHT

Harry enters the lab and turns on the light. Immediately, he stops in shock. The developing Lucy is fully formed and moving by herself in the contraption Harry has set up for her.

INT. HARRY'S LAB - LATE NIGHT

Harry stands looking at the growing Lucy, Boris next to him in sweat pants and an old sports jacket, obviously gotten up in the middle of the night. Paul enters in pajamas and a robe.

PAUL

(looking around in
dismay)

Jesus Christ, Harry. You've
got to return all this equipment.

HARRY

And I will. Any day now. You've
got to see this, Paul. You know
who that is?

Paul looks in shock at the figure in the contraption.

PAUL

It's Sid, isn't it.

HARRY

It's Lucy dammit. I've done it,
Paul. I've got Mother Nature by
her labia.

PAUL

I wish you wouldn't talk like
that, Harry.

BORIS

I don't know, Harry... There's
something that's not right about
all this.

HARRY

(sarcastic)

Well, thanks for coming over,
gentlemen.

(stares at Lucy,
then muses)

I'll tell you something, Paul --
I don't think I'd want to be
God. Not that I'm turning down
any recent offers, but there're
four billion humans on this earth,
and I still feel lonely. I can't
imagine how I'd feel as one God.

Paul and Boris stare at Harry in silence for a moment.

PAUL

(kindly)

You know, Harry, there're an awful
lot of narrow-minded folks out
there. You go on about Mother
Nature's labia and regrowing your
late wife, and by the time you
get to the part about how lonely
it is being God, people'll start
to lock up their sharp objects.

HARRY

I'm not sure what to do. Lucy's
my life.

BORIS

What about Meli, Harry?

MELI

Yeh, what about me?

Harry, Paul and Boris turn around to find Meli standing
at the door in a man's shirt and nothing else.

HARRY

Look, Meli. It's Lucy.

MELI

Oh, I didn't know that. I thought
it was a pajama party.

HARRY

Look at her, Meli. Isn't it
exciting? That's your egg.

MELI

Don't remind me, Dr. Wolper,
because it is not exciting.

(MORE)

MELI (CONT'D)

It is terrible is what it is.
People are special. You get one
life and that's it. What gives
you the right to give someone
another life? Did Lucy give
you her permission?

HARRY

It's more than Lucy, Meli. It's
a giant breakthrough for science.

MELI

I'm old-fashioned, Dr. Wolper.
I like it better when dead people
stay dead. It's easier to keep
track of everything that way and
you don't feel stupid about crying
for nothing.

HARRY

I know this raises a lot of
questions...

MELI

(as she leaves)

Yeh, well, I'm still waiting for
an answer to the one about Meli.
Good night, Dr. God.

BORIS

Meli's got a point, Harry.

HARRY

I can't stop Lucy now.

(a beat)

I thought I knew what I was doing...

PAUL

And Einstein thought he was just
playing around with a bunch of
numbers, Harry. Then he saw the
bomb tested, said "My God what
have I done," and went to bed for
six weeks. Now why don't you
turn off the equipment, return
it, and think seriously about
going out to Northfield where you
can be as flamboyant as your
heart desires.

EXT. ROAD TO NORTHFIELD - LATE MORNING

Harry is riding his bike.

He comes to a sign which reads: NORTHFIELD INSTITUTE FOR ADVANCED RESEARCH - 1 MILE. Harry heads off in the direction the arrow points.

EXT. NORTHFIELD INSTITUTE FOR ADVANCED RESEARCH - LUNCHTIME

At outdoor terrace where scientists in various states of decrepitude sit at tables doing an assortment of strange things with their food. Harry sits on the outdoor terrace having lunch at a table with PROFESSOR GUSTAV BRAUMANN.

BRAUMANN

I've been asked to talk to you, Harry.

HARRY

Ah ha. The heavy artillery -- esteemed former professors of mine - ninety millimeter range.

BRAUMANN

I'm ninety-two.

HARRY

This is fascinating. What is it you're supposed to tell me, Professor Braumann?

BRAUMANN

As near as I can tell from Dr. Kuhlenbeck, I'm supposed to spell out to you the many advantages of working in here in Northfield, but so far I haven't been able to think of a single one. Most exciting thing I've seen so far has been Hartwig watching food particles foam out of his dentures.

HARRY

Hartwig's still doing that, huh?

BRAUMANN

Twice a day.

INT. NORTHFIELD INSTITUTE - LATE AFTERNOON

Harry and Braumann are walking down the long corridor of laboratories filled with gleaming unused scientific equipment.

HARRY
This is very impressive.

BRAUMANN
And since nothing is used, the
cost of running the place is
negligible.

HARRY
Very cost effective.

EXT. NORTHFIELD INSTITUTE GROUNDS - AT ROBUST SUNSET

Harry and Braumann sit on a bench by a pond, feeding
ducks.

BRAUMANN
We do a lot of reading out here...

Harry gets up, Braumann follows, and they start walking.

HARRY
An Institute for Advanced Research
with no funds for research -- it's
a provocative concept.

BRAUMANN
Near as I can tell, Harry, the
administration feels that if we're
all that advanced, we shouldn't
need money.

Harry and Braumann continue walking into the evening.
Harry is trailed by a line of a dozen small ducklings.

EXT. DRIVEWAY BESIDE HARRY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Meli is under the hood of Harry's pick-up truck,
adjusting the engine. A large tapeplayer is beside
Meli. Meli sings and wiggles her bottom to the MUSIC
coming from it.

MELI
"Well, I can rub and scrub till
this house shines like a dime/
Feed the baby, grease the car 'n
powder my face at the same time/
You know, I can get all dressed
up, go out 'n sing till five a.m.
and then/jump in bed at five, get up at
six, and start all over again...
'Cause I'm a wooomaaannnn, W-Ohoh-M-A-N,
Let me tell you again --"

Meli, covered with grease, pulls her head out from under the car, and still dancing, shuts the hood over the purring engine with great joy at a job well done, turns off the engine, and cleans herself with mechanic's soap and a towel.

MELI

-- I'm a wooooooooomaaaaannnnn...,
Double-U Ohohohoh M.A.N...."

Meli walks back to the garage, looking for Harry. She opens the door and sees the growing Lucy, studies it for a moment, purses her lips in determination, and heads toward Harry, who has just turned into the driveway on his bicycle. Meli jumps in front of him and grabs the bike by the handle-bars.

MELI

Okay, Dr. Wolper. I've given you a lot of goddam time to get a relationship going. So how about it, huh? The sofa's beginning to get on my nerves.

HARRY

(taking it in stride)
Hot afternoon, isn't it, Meli?
Want to come inside for some lemonade?

Meli smiles, takes Harry's arm, and walks toward the house.

MELI

That's a wonderful line, Dr. Wolper. "Hot, huh? Want some lemonade?" I'll bet you get lots of ten-year-olds swooning their hearts out like that.

INT. HARRY'S STUDY - LATE AFTERNOON

Meli stews at one end of the sofa, Harry at the other.

HARRY

Meli, I'm not a young man. My life expectancy was over before you were born.

MELI

(miffed)
Okay, have it your way. I'm not going to beg you to have a goddam relationship with me.

(MORE)

MELI (CONT'D)

Incidentally, it's hot as hell in here, so I'd appreciate it if you could get me that lemonade, if you think you can make it to the kitchen and back before you croak.

Harry leaves. Meli wanders around, stops by a fan in the window, takes off her tee-shirt and dungarees, leaving on only her panties, and stands in front of the fan to cool off. Harry enters with the lemonade and stops in shock.

MELI

Don't get hysterical. I'm not going to attack you. I'm hot, that's all.

Meli goes over to Harry, who is frozen in position, takes her glass of lemonade, and settles back on the sofa.

MELI

You know, Dr. Wolper, there're probably a thousand guys who'd give their left nut just to be where you are right now.

HARRY

Meli, be reasonable.

MELI

Okay, a hundred guys... Look, Dr. Wolper, maybe when I'm as ancient as you are and there's some nineteen-year-old guy lying on my sofa in his jockey shorts, I'll talk to him about being reasonable, but God I hope not. I hope I'll pull down his shorts and climb all over him like he's a goddam jungle gym. And I hope like hell he'll do the same to me.

HARRY

(not unaffected)

Meli, you're a wonderful young woman --

MELI

Two weeks. That's all I want. Two weeks of your life expectancy because I care about you alot, Dr. Wolper, and it's not fair to throw me out without even trying.

(MORE)

MELI (CONT'D)

Young people are good for old people like you. Once you get to know us, we're a lot of fun.

HARRY

(very moved by
Meli's speech)

Two weeks?

MELI

(a smile starting)

That's all. You really try for two weeks, it doesn't work out, I'll leave you alone, no questions asked. Some day you want more eggs from me, just call, and I'll give you enough eggs to grow a whole cemetery.

Harry looks at Meli, then sighs in resignation.

HARRY

What do you want me to do?

MELI

(a barely hidden
sigh of relief)

Well, first of all, you can put on one of those records over there. I've never seen so many goddam records in my life.

HARRY

(getting up and
going over)

Anything in particular?

MELI

Hell, I don't know. Start with "A". You've got them all alphabetized.

HARRY

How about "B"? Bach? Beethoven?

MELI

Fine. Then after the B's, we can do the C's and then the D's and right on through the alphabet, kind of like a special school for musically retarded people.

Harry puts on some Bach and returns to the far end of the sofa, a safe distance from Meli.

MELI

(gesturing to Harry)
Uh-uh. That's not the deal.
Over here by me. We've got a
lot of work to do, Dr. Wolper.

INT. MONTAGE - HARRY'S STUDY/HARRY'S GARAGE-LAB - DAY/NIGHT

INTERCUT - LIFE AND LOVE GROWS.

Harry explains composers to Meli, whose tolerance wears thin. Harry goes berzerk "conducting" Beethoven, is near tears over Brahms, follows Meli (who has her hands over her ears) around his study, lecturing on Bartok, and finally finishes by playing Chopin on the piano with great emotion. Meli, impressed, grabs Harry under the chin from behind, playfully jerks his head back, and in a copy of the famous painting, gives Harry a mock passionate kiss, which turns into a real passionate kiss, at the end of which Harry and Meli look fondly at each other.

INTERCUT - Lucy develops and thrives in her contraption.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF HARRY'S HOME - EARLY MORNING

Another idyllic early morning. Far down the street, the paperboy is tossing papers on front porches. Behind him is the milkman, and farther back, the streetsweeper. Sid's big Buick passes all three and pulls up to the curb several hundred yards from Harry's house. Sid, wearing a jogging suit and a Walkman, gets out of the car, looks around furtively, and then begins nonchalantly jogging toward Harry's house -- and the trash cans in front of it. Sid arrives at the trash cans, looks around again, and then begins rifling through the trash for incriminating evidence against Harry.

The paperboy arrives at the house next door and sees Sid.

PAPERBOY

(seeing Sid, calling)
Hey, Dr. Kuhlenbeck, how you doing?
You living around here now?

Sid doesn't hear because of the Walkman. The paperboy realizes the problem and calls loudly to be heard over the radio.

PAPERBOY

Hey Dr. Kuhlenbeck! Dr. Kuhlenbeck!
Can you hear me, Dr. Kuhlenbeck!
Did you move?!

Sid hears now and waves frantically for the kid up.

KUHLENBECK
(waving frantically)
Shhhhhhhhhhh.....

PAPERBOY
(still shouting)
What's the matter, Dr. Kuhlenbeck?!

The COMPRESSOR in Harry's garage goes off with a loud BANG.

KUHLENBECK
Oh, my God! Harry's shooting at me!

In a panic, Sid bolts into the street, directly in front of the arriving milk truck. The milktruck swerves into the path of the paperboy on his bicycle, who in turn swerves into Sid, the two of them crashing and falling in a tangle of limbs onto the street, with the screeching of tires and yelling men.

The neighbor sticks his head out the window.

NEIGHBOR
(yelling over the
clanging compressor)
Come on, Harry! Cut it the hell out!

As Sid and the paperboy look up at the neighbor from where they lie on the street, a spray of water drenches them, obviously from the streetsweeper which has also swerved.

From inside the house, Harry watches with amusement as he eats his breakfast on the glass-enclosed breakfast porch.

As Sid wipes the water from his eyes, he notices that one of the boxes he knocked over as he bolted from the pile of trash is his Sequencer carton. A big smile spreads over his face.

INT. BORIS'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Boris and Barbara are in bed, making love, as Zeno enters.

ZENO
 (whirring toward
 the bed)
 ... gorgeous face, golden robust
 body, near genius intelligence --
 all yours, if you ever get out
 of bed. Move your ass, Lafkin!
 Countdown five --

BARBARA
 Boris, hurry up!

BORIS
 Relax, Barbara.

BARBARA
 I can't relax when I'm going
 to be electrocuted. Stop it.

ZENO
 -- Four -- three --

BORIS
 (laughing as he
 makes love)
 Just a few more seconds.

BARBARA
 (also starting to
 laugh)
 Boris!

ZENO
 -- Two --

BORIS
 Just another few seconds...

ZENO
 -- One!

BARBARA
 (laughing, trying to
 get off the bed)
 Boris! Let me go!

BORIS
 (breaking into
 laughter)
 I can't. It's too late.

Zeno clamps his arm on the bed, but doesn't shock.

ZENO

... one-half, one-quarter,
one-fifth, one-sixth, one-seventh,
one-eighth... and so on... fooled
you, he, he, ha, he, ha...

Zeno turns and starts to whirr out of the room.

ZENO

Zeno's First Law: Never have sex
with anyone crazier than yourself.

BARBARA

(watching Zeno leave)
Something has definitely got to be
done about that machine.

Suddenly Barbara turns pale with nausea.

BORIS

What's the matter?

BARBARA

I'm going to throw up.

Barbara rushes into the bathroom and we HEAR VOMITING.
Boris gets up slowly, sighs, and heads for the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - BORIS'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Barbara is washing herself, as Boris stands in the
doorway.

BORIS

That's the third time this week,
Barbara.

BARBARA

You're sympathetic.

BORIS

Yeh, well, I thought you said you
were on the pill.

BARBARA

I am on the pill, but it's not a
hundred percent effective, you know.

BORIS

(not entirely convinced)
Maybe.

Barbara turns off the water and starts drying herself.

Then she buries her head in the towel and starts weeping. Boris comes and holds her.

BARBARA

God, I don't want to have a baby now, Boris.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The Sequencer box is conspicuously beside the desk where DEAN PHILLIPS sits. Boris sits on the other side of the desk, staring glumly at the carton.

BORIS

Can't I take the fifth amendment or something?

DEAN

This isn't a court of law, Mr. Lafkin. We're not going to prosecute you for a crime. We just want to know what's going on in Dr. Wolper's garage and how much of our equipment you've removed from the university to do it.

BORIS

Isn't there some kind of scientific privilege I could claim?

DEAN

I don't think so. There's physician-patient privilege and attorney-client privilege, but I'm not familiar with a mentor-student scientific privilege.

BORIS

I just thought I'd ask.

DEAN

Let me try to outline as simply as I can the circumstances in which you now find yourself, Mr. Lafkin. You are about to be thrown out of this university. The chances of your ever being admitted into another university are slim enough to be, for all intents and purposes, non-existent. These are not threats. Just the simple facts of the matter. Is this all clear?

DEAN

We would like to have your cooperation in this matter. We don't absolutely need it, but it would be very helpful to have it. Helpful to us because it would save us a great deal of time and expense. Helpful to you, son, because it would save your ass.

The dean looks at Boris gently but firmly. Boris swallows very hard.

INT. HARRY'S UNIVERSITY LAB - AFTERNOON

Sid arrives and stands at the door, watching Harry work.

KUHLENBECK

Football game in a half hour, Harry?

HARRY

I thought the game was tomorrow?

KUHLENBECK

It is, but if you guys don't mind, I'd like to move it to this afternoon?

HARRY

(no fool)

What's going on, Sid?

KUHLENBECK

I've got some experiments cooking, and I won't be able to play tomorrow.

HARRY

I'm sure your team'll carry on without you.

KUHLENBECK

Come on, Harry. Have a heart.

HARRY

I'll talk to the team. We'll try.

KUHLENBECK

Thanks, Harry. I appreciate it.

(starts to leave, then)

Care to place a little wager on the outcome?

HARRY

Sure. The loser has to tough out the rest of his career here at the university. The winner gets to go to Northfield and relax in splendor.

KUHLENBECK

I can't do that, Harry, because I'm going to get you out to Northfield, one way or the other. However, I'll tell you what. I'll make the game interesting. You score any points at all, and I'll lay off Boris.

At that instant, Boris arrives and interrupts.

BORIS

I've got to talk to you, Harry.

HARRY

Later, Boris. I'm in the middle of some very interesting wheeling and dealing.

(to Kuhlénbeck)

Any points at all? That's an appealing proposition, Sid, if you really mean it.

KUHLENBECK

My word is my bond.

HARRY

And if we don't score any points, then what?

KUHLENBECK

Then it's life as usual, Harry. So you've really got nothing to lose. I guess I'm just a big sport. It'll liven things up. So what do you say? Are we on?

Harry looks at Boris, then at Sid, then back at Boris.

HARRY

You've got a bet, Sid.

KUHLENBECK

Now this should be very interesting. See you shortly, Harry.

Sid skips happily away. Boris and Harry watch.

BORIS

What was that all about?

HARRY

The big football game today. We've agreed to play for your ass, Boris. Get your stuff. We'll talk later.

Harry starts to leave. Boris watches, then rushes after him.

BORIS

I thought the game was tomorrow...

EXT. CAMPUS FOOTBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

A bruising football game. Sid Kuhlenbeck is out to kill. Harry and Meli shout advice from the sidelines. Paul cheers nearby. Boris, Lyman, Arthur, Gabe, Martin, Boom-Boom, and others are playing.

The score is 72-0. Wolper's Wonders are not doing well. They fumble, bump, and drop passes. Meli is getting antsy.

MELI

I don't like Kuhlenbeck. He plays dirty. You've never scored against these guys, not even one point?

HARRY

Not even a decimal point.

MELI

Let me play, Dr. Wolper. I can score against these guys. They're not that tough. Come on. There're only a few plays left anyway.

HARRY

I'd have to get permission.
(calling across the field)
Hey, Sid? Mind if Meli plays?

KUHLENBECK

(very cocky)

Not at all, Harry. Send in all the girls you want. I think that's very generous.

Meli, not pleased by the dialogue, runs onto the field.

MELI
 (joining the huddle)
 I'm going to get into the open,
 Boris.

The huddle breaks. Meli lines up facing Kuhlenbeck.

KUHLENBECK
 (lewdly, having fun)
 Playing the end position, huh? I
 didn't know that you were interested
 in fielding passes, cutie.

MELI
 Only from people who can get it up
 really high.

BORIS
 Hike!

Meli runs out. Kuhlenbeck holds Meli by her clothing
 and bangs into her repeatedly. Boris's pass is
 incomplete.

MELI
 (to Sid as she runs
 to the huddle)
 Playing kind of rough for a
 friendly little game, aren't we?

KUHLENBECK
 The girls always think the game's
 a little rough.

Meli joins the huddle, furious.

KUHLENBECK
 (for Harry's benefit)
 This is your last play, Wolper's
 Wonders.

MELI
 (in the huddle, fuming)
 Okay -- he wants to get physical?
 I'll get physical with him. Throw
 me the ball, Boris.

BORIS
 Kuhlenbeck's all over you, Meli.

MELI
 (through gritted
 teeth)
 I'm going to score a fucking
 touchdown on this play, Boris.
 (MORE)

MELI (CONT'D)

Now throw me the goddam ball, no matter what, okay?

BOOM-BOOM

(very serious)

Throw her the ball, Boris.

BORIS

Good idea.

The huddle breaks. Harry looks at Paul and smiles, knowing something is in the making. Meli lines up against Kuhlenbeck.

KUHLENBECK

Big play, huh?

MELI

Gigantic.

BORIS

Hike!

Meli runs for a pass. Kuhlenbeck covers her closely.

MELI

Now, Boris!

Boris throws the ball. With Kuhlenbeck hanging all over her, Meli yanks down her halter top from the front and turns, exposing her breasts to Kuhlenbeck.

MELI

Hey! What the hell are you doing to me, Dr. Kuhlenbeck?!

KUHLENBECK

(backing off in shock)

Oh, my God... I didn't mean to --

With Kuhlenbeck away, Meli catches the ball easily, trots for a touchdown, and spikes the ball. Her team rushes over, cheering wildly. Harry is jumping up and down, cheering and laughing, dancing around in a circle with Paul. Sid just stands in the end zone in convulsion, staring at her hands.

EXT. STREETS TO HARRY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The team surrounds Harry as they walk down the street. They laugh and horse around. Meli, having a very good time, dances just in front of the group.

MELI

If I took off my bottoms, I could
beat the Green Bay Packers.

Everyone laughs and claps a little. Harry looks to his side and "sees" Lucy, also clapping, as she balances on the curb. He steps in Lucy's direction, but she isn't there. The group comes to a corner and divides up, along with cheery good-byes, leaving Harry, Boris and Meli.

BORIS

I promised Barbara I'd be right
back after the game, Harry. She's
not feeling well. We'll talk
tonight, right?

HARRY

Right.

Boris turns down a side street. Meli calls after him.

MELI

Bye, Boris. Nice pass.

BORIS

(smiling)

Best target I've ever thrown to.
Nice catch. See you later.

Boris disappears down the street as Harry and Meli continue. They arrive at Harry's house and stop in shock. In the driveway, workmen are loading most of the equipment from Harry's garage into the back of a university truck. The two security guards look at Harry apologetically.

GUARD 2

Sorry about this, Dr. Wolper. The
orders came straight from the dean.

MELI

What the hell's going on, Dr.
Wolper?

HARRY

More than Dr. Kuhlenbeck let on to.

Meli stands dumbstruck, watching the last of the equipment being loaded into the truck, while Harry walks slowly back to the garage. Meli watches the doors to the truck close and the truck drive away before she realizes the full implication of what's happened. Then she races back to the lab.

INT. HARRY'S GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Meli races in just as Harry replaces the cloth over the Lucy contraption. From cut tubes, the last drops of solutions spill onto the floor at Harry's feet. The lab has been mostly emptied, only flasks remain, along with the old compressor.

Harry, stunned, walks slowly away from the Lucy contraption and sits down on the floor. Meli watches Harry, stunned herself, then goes over and sits on the floor beside Harry.

MELI

God, Dr. Wolper.

HARRY

Well said, Meli.

MELI

Can't we get Dr. Kuhlenbeck arrested for murder or something? Lucy was a live person, you know.

HARRY

Yes, I know.

(a beat)

Dr. Kuhlenbeck didn't do this. A few very nice men who work for the university unhooked the equipment, and they had no idea what was under the cloth, or they wouldn't have done it, I can assure you.

Harry and Meli sit on the floor in silence.

MELI

(trying to cheer
up Harry)

Hey. What do you say we get away from all this, Dr. Wolper? Get married? Have a regular family like everyone else?

Harry gets up and goes to the liquid nitrogen container where Lucy's cells are preserved. Meli watches with displeasure.

HARRY

(as he walks)

Now, look, Meli, don't get upset --

MELI

(exploding)

I'm not "upset", Dr. Wolper.

(MORE)

MELI (CONT'D)

I'm pissed! "Upset" is something
that old ladies do when their
cakes fall. I'm pissed! Do you
understand the difference?!

Harry has opened the top of the liquid nitrogen tank.
He lifts out the spindle which holds the container of
Lucy's cells and sighs in relief.

HARRY

Ah. Lucy's cells are as good as
ever.

Meli picks up the nearest object and throws it toward
the container of Lucy's cells and Harry, just missing
both.

MELI

Ooooooooooh, I hate Lucy! Hate her,
hate her, hate her!

Meli picks up another object. Harry grabs the container
and scampers for cover. Meli throws another object
at Harry, and then another as she chases after him.

HARRY

(dodging objects)
Meli, look, many primitive cultures
have no marriage at all. They
hunt... they plant... they have
children...

One of the thrown objects hits the compressor switch.
The COMPRESSOR starts CLANKING away.

MELI

(shouting as she
throws missiles)
Not in this tribe, Dr. Wolper!

The COMPRESSOR becomes very LOUD, smoke pouring from
it, as Harry continues to run about the lab, dodging
objects.

MELI

When you start hunting antelope
in the bushes, then I'll cover
myself with beet juice and walk
around nursing babies on my
National Geographic boobs! We
can forget all about marriage
then! It'll probably be too
hot for it, anyway!

HARRY
Meli, look, Lucy and I --

MELI
(still throwing
things)
Lucy is dead, Dr. Wolper! Why
someone with the brains to win
a Nobel Prize can't figure that
out is beyond me! You're not
making life in here, you're
making death! Now cut it the
hell out, will you!

Meli turns and stomps out the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE HARRY'S GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Harry, still holding the container of Lucy's cells,
hurries across the yard after Meli. He's ten yards
out the door when the garage blows up. The roof goes
up in splinters. The walls are blown apart.

Harry, unharmed but covered with soot, looks at the
giant pile of rubble that used to be his laboratory,
rabbits and reptiles, unharmed, racing about, and sighs.

NEIGHBOR
(sticking his head
out his window)
It's about goddam time!

Meli looks back at the lab, nods in satisfaction, and
disappears in the back door to Harry's house, Harry in
pursuit.

INT. HARRY'S KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Mrs. Mallory, looking out the kitchen window at the
smoldering laboratory, turns as Meli storms in. She
opens her mouth, but Meli raises her finger to stop
her from talking.

MELI
Don't "humph". Your "humphing" is
driving me crazy. Take English
at night school or see a throat
doctor or something, but stop
humphing!

Meli storms out, Harry following her. Mrs. Mallory
cocks her head to the side, and a tiny smile begins to
show.

EXT. IN FRONT OF HARRY'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Meli is coming out the front door with a suitcase in each hand. Harry follows her. He's still holding Lucy's cells.

HARRY

Maybe we should go inside and talk.

MELI

I really don't want to talk any more, Dr. Wolper. We made a deal. If it didn't work out, I'd go. No questions asked. I guess it hasn't worked out.

Meli stops talking, looks at Harry, takes a deep breath.

MELI

Well... I got to go.

Meli pecks Harry on the cheek and starts off. Halfway down the front walk she stops and turns around.

MELI

I'm going to miss you, Dr. Wolper... you goddam classical musical panda bear.

Meli turns and walks away, disappearing past a hedge. Harry starts after her, then stops, turns and shuffles toward his lab. A few steps and he realizes that there is no more lab.

As Harry stands in the driveway, Lucy's cells still in his hand, the smoldering rubble behind him and the empty place where Meli just stood in front of him, his beeper goes off.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - EVENING

The same examining cubicle where Harry and Sid treated the monkey, the curtain drawn. Behind it Harry is examining Barbara, who sits on an examining table, holding Boris's hand. Barbara is pale and very sickly looking.

BORIS

Then after she threw up, she passed out for a couple minutes. I was really scared, Harry. I thought you ought to look at her.

(MORE)

BORIS (CONT'D)

(big joke)

We were wondering whether she
might have gotten pregnant somehow.

HARRY

(examining Barbara's
eyes)

Somehow. How're you feeling,
Barbara?

BARBARA

Really rotten, to tell you the
truth, Harry. I feel like I've got
to throw up again, and my head is
killing me.

Harry reaches for a pan and hands it to Barbara, then
he continues examining her.

BORIS

(trying to be light)

Hey, Harry. The dean really put
the screws to me today. I'd like
to talk to you after we're done
here, okay?

BARBARA

(near tears from the
pain)

Oh, God, Boris, it hurts so bad.

BORIS

(clutching her hand
tightly)

Harry'll fix you right up.

Harry is very concerned. He pokes his head out the
curtain.

HARRY

(to a nurse)

I need some help in here.

BARBARA

(the pain is
unbearable)

Boris... we'll always be friends,
right...?

Before Boris can answer, Barbara screams. It is a loud,
long and terrible scream of intense pain. Then
suddenly it stops, and Barbara collapses onto the
table, curled in a fetal position. Boris stands in
shock. Harry goes into action.

HARRY
(calling emphatically)
I've got a code in here! Get
me a cart! Boris, you'll have
to excuse us. Wait outside.
Where the hell is that cart?

Blue lights flash all over the emergency room as residents and physicians come running. A cart is wheeled over to Barbara's cubicle. Boris walks away in a daze, looking at the bloody marks in his hand where Barbara dug in her fingernails.

INT. WAITING AREA OUTSIDE EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Boris sits in a shock as Harry, Pavlo and Sid come over.

HARRY
(sitting next to
Boris)
Barbara's had a very serious
brain hemorrhage, Boris. She's
in a coma and we've had to put
her on a respirator to keep her
alive.

BORIS
What happened?

PAVLO
She's had a CVA, a cerebro-
vascular accident. A blood
vessel in her brain has been
leaking, probably for some time.
Now it's burst. Nobody knows
why it happens.

BORIS
What about the baby?

HARRY
It's not a baby, Boris. It's
a brain hemorrhage.

Boris looks around him in a panic, not knowing how to assimilate the information being given to him.

BORIS
How long before she's better?

KUHLENBECK
She's not going to get better,
Boris.

(MORE)

KUHLENBECK (CONT'D)

If Barbara regains consciousness, which is unlikely, she'll have no mind at all.

(sees Harry glaring at him)

The kid's got to know the facts, Harry. This isn't the wonderful "Big Picture" anymore. This is the nitty-gritty real world, and we've all got one hell of a decision in front of us.

Boris gets up, very upset.

BORIS

What decision?

Harry looks at Sid, then at Pavlo, and finally at Boris.

HARRY

Come on, Boris. Let's talk.

Boris and Harry start down the hall, leaving Sid and Pavlo behind. Harry puts his arm around Boris and they walk in silence. Finally Boris looks up at Harry.

BORIS

Harry, you got to tell me. I need you to be straight with me now really bad.

(a deep breath)

Is Barbara going to die?

Boris looks up at Harry, already knowing the answer, tears forming, pleading with his eyes for Harry to reassure him.

HARRY

Boris, the truth is that we think Barbara's already dead.

Boris looks at Harry, refusing to believe what he's hearing.

BORIS

But we were just talking to her, remember? She was telling us that she felt like she was going to throw up and had this really bad headache, and then she asked me if I'd still be her friend...

Boris breaks down in tears. His legs start to buckle.

Harry supports him and leads him into a diagnostic room off the hall where he sits Boris down in front of a fluorescent panel filled with x-rays. Boris buries his head in his hands.

INT. DIAGNOSTIC ROOM - NIGHT

Harry pulls up a chair and sits beside Boris. Boris looks up, tears streaking his cheeks. Harry extends his arms. Boris buries his head into Harry's chest and sobs. Harry holds him tightly, rocking him slightly, his hand on Boris's head, fighting back his own tears. Finally Boris looks up at Harry.

BORIS

I did something really terrible today, Harry.

HARRY

Why don't we talk about it later.

BORIS

I got to tell you, Harry. The dean came down on me really hard... and I ratted on you. I told them about the Sequencer and all the other equipment... I didn't tell them about, Lucy... I couldn't do that... But I told them about everything else...

Harry looks at Boris with kindness and smiles.

HARRY

Then I guess neither of us is perfect.

BORIS

I'm sorry, Harry. I'm really sorry.

HARRY

I'm sure it will all work out for the best.

Boris looks at Harry with relief and extends his hand.

BORIS

(hopeful but a
little nervous)

We still friends?

HARRY
(with warmth and
compassion)
We're still friends.

Boris looks at Harry, sighs and smiles.

BORIS
I'd like to see Barbara now,
Harry.

HARRY
(nodding in agreement)
She's upstairs in the Intensive
Care Unit.

Boris gets up and starts to leave. Then he remembers something and stops.

BORIS
What decision, Harry?

Harry looks at Boris, deciding if he's ready for this.

BORIS
Tell me, Harry.

HARRY
At some point, we're going to
have to decide whether to turn
off the life support system
and let Barbara die.

Boris gets shaky again and sits down.

BORIS
She'll come out of the coma, Harry.

HARRY
I'm afraid it isn't likely, Boris.
But she could start breathing by
herself again without coming out
of the coma. Once Barbara no
longer needs the respirator,
there's nothing we can do to end
her life. She could remain in a
coma for years. It would be a
living hell, Boris... for you.

Boris starts to tremble. He holds tightly to the arms
of the chair in which he's sitting and looks at Harry.

BORIS
I won't let you turn off Barbara's
respirator, Harry. I can't let
you do that.

HARRY

It's not only my decision, Boris.
First, all the test results are
evaluated. Then the Life Support
Committee makes its recommendation --

Harry stops with a sudden thought.

BORIS

What?

HARRY

Dr. Kuhlbeck is the Chairman of
the Life Support Committee.

(a beat)

Finally, nothing is done without
the permission of Barbara's
parents.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - LATE NIGHT

Barbara in a coma. The tube from the respirator in her
mouth makes the same CLICK, POOF, SISS of the apparatus
keeping Lucy alive. Boris is sitting beside Barbara's
bed, holding her hand, when MRS. SPENCER and MRS.
SPENCER enter and come over.

MR. SPENCER

Boris?

BORIS

Hello, Mr. Spencer... Mrs.
Spencer.

MRS. SPENCER

It's good to finally meet you,
Boris. Barbara certainly has
written us a lot of letters.
She's very much in love with
you.

BORIS

(looks up, tears
starting)

Well... I'm very much in love
with her, Mrs. Spencer.

Mr. Spencer extends his arm. Boris comes over. Mr.
Spencer hugs Boris to him. Mrs. Spencer turns and puts
her arm around both Boris and her husband. The three
of them stand tightly together, clutching each other,
and weep.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF HARRY'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The milkman arrives, delivers the milk without incident and drives off. The streetsweeper passes, spraying away. The paperboy arrives, deftly dodges the wet street, and tosses the newspaper. It lands perfectly beside the milk bottles.

INT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING.

Boris is beside Barbara, who is still comatose. He is asleep, his head resting on the bed, his hands holding Barbara's.

INT. BORIS'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Zeno whirrs into the empty bedroom and heads for the bed.

ZENO

...gorgeous face, golden robust
body, near-genius intelligence,
all yours, Lafkin --

INT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - MORNING

Boris is still sleeping beside Barbara, as Nurse Danza takes Barbara's blood pressure.

EXT. STREETS LEADING TO UNIVERSITY - MORNING

Harry is riding his bike. He comes to a pole with an "Egg Wanted" poster still on it, faded and weatherbeaten. He looks at it sadly, then a tiny smile comes to his face. He gently takes down the flyer, folds it, lovingly puts it in his jacket pocket and rides off.

INT. SECRETARIAL OFFICE/UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER - MORNING

As Harry walks in, Mrs. Pruitt (with a new hairdo) looks up, eyes swollen with tears. She reaches for her notepad.

MRS. PRUITT

Dean Phillips has asked me to
tell you that they have decided
not to prosecute as long as you
don't screw up presenting the
grants to the Funding Committee.

(MORE)

MRS. PRUITT (CONT'D)
 But he expects that you will,
 quote, "have your ass out in
 Northfield no later than..."
 (breaking down)
 -- etcetera, etcetera...

HARRY
 Now, now, Mrs. Pruitt. Northfield
 is a lovely pastoral setting.
 There's no need for tears...

MRS. PRUITT
 Oh, that's not what I'm crying
 about, Dr. Wolper. You've had
 that coming for years.

(looks up and sighs)
 Dr. Kuhlbeck asked me to tell
 you that the meeting about Barbara's
 respirator is today at ten. I've
 been praying for Boris all week,
 and God hasn't heard a word --

Mrs. Pruitt breaks down. Harry goes over and comforts
 her.

INT. MEDICAL CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

The walls are covered with x-rays and test results.
 Seated around the table are many physicians, including
 Harry, Paul, Pavlo, Sid at the head, and three men in
 three-piece suits who are conspicuous in not fitting in:
 DR. SUTTER, DR. NELSON and DR. WHITAKER. Harry listens
 incredulously.

WHITAKER
 Of course, the transplant of a
 kidney requires extensive pre-mortem
 coordination...

SUTTER
 Likewise with corneas...

NELSON
 And hearts especially.

HARRY
 (whispering to Paul
 beside him)
 You don't suppose they'd believe
 me if I told them that I gave at
 the office?

KUHLENBECK

That's enough, Harry.

WHITAKER

No, no, Dr. Kuhlenbeck. We can certainly understand how hard this is for some of us. And I'm sure Dr. Wolper understands the considerable pre-mortem problems we face.

HARRY

I don't think I've ever heard the word "pre-mortem" before. Does that mean the same thing as alive?

KUHLENBECK

Okay, Harry. That's enough.

HARRY

I've got to hand it to you, Sid. You've really outdone yourself this time.

KUHLENBECK

I only invited these gentlemen to emphasize that we're between a rock and a hard place, Harry. You don't want the remainder of your protege's life to revolve around visiting a withering vegetable in a chronic care facility. And we can't afford to lose the opportunity to help out several living people who desperately need healthy organs.

HARRY

You've made your point, Sid. I'd like to go on the record as being opposed to this decision.

KUHLENBECK

So noted.

PAVLO

Why, Harry?

HARRY

There's something that doesn't make sense to me -- the way it happened, her reflexes, her color, a certain vitality I sense... I don't know... It seems premature...

KUHLENBECK

Are we back to the Big Picture
now, Harry? Diagnosis by mysticism?

PAVLO

I'm not sure it is premature,
Harry. There's been no improvement
all week. Her pupils are fixed
and dilated. The coma is just as
deep. Her brain is coning, so we
can't operate. While there is
some brain wave activity, it
certainly isn't at all impressive.
Her Babinski's positive. And her
spinal fluid pressure is zero.

KUHLENBECK

Tests don't lie, Harry.

HARRY

She wouldn't be the first person
to defy the tests.

KUHLENBECK

Then what do we do the tests for
if they don't mean anything?

HARRY

That's a dandy question, Sid.
How about if we cut out all tests
for a while and see whether people
get better anyway.

KUHLENBECK

(having had it)

If that's all, I'd like to adjourn.

HARRY

I have no objection.

INT. HOSPITAL HALL ON WAY TO I.C.U. - LATE MORNING

Harry and Paul are walking slowly toward the I.C.U.

PAUL

You don't seem yourself today,
Harry.

HARRY

A lot's been happening... Meli
still hasn't come back --

PAUL

Most streets go in both directions these days, Harry. You might have to go get her.

HARRY

And Boris is not going to be easy, Paul.

PAUL

Are you too involved, Harry? You want me to do it?

HARRY

I'll do it.

PAUL

You really have to if you care about Boris. He's a wonderful kid, Harry. You don't want him to spend the rest of his life miserable. He'll get over this.

HARRY

I said that I'll do it.

PAUL

Good. Because if you don't, Sid will. And neither of us want that.

HARRY

I'll talk to the Spencers first.

PAUL

No need to, Harry. The Spencers gave their permission this morning.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - LATE MORNING

Boris, unshaven and exhausted, sits beside Barbara, still holding her hand. He looks up as Mr. and Mrs. Spencer enter, their eyes filled with tears, and walk over to Barbara. They hold each other tightly, then separate and each kiss Barbara on the cheek. Mr. Spencer puts his hand on Boris's shoulder. Boris looks up and swallows hard, sensing what is happening.

MR. SPENCER

Boris. We want you to know that we've given this very serious thought...

BORIS

No. --

MRS. SPENCER

We think Barbara's going to be very happy in God's Kingdom...

BORIS

No... Please... Don't...

MR. SPENCER

We've talked it over with the doctors and we've given them permission to turn off Barbara's respirator, if that's what they think is best.

MRS. SPENCER

We've known Barbara all her life, Boris. She's always been such a bright, lively--

Mrs. Spencer dissolves into tears.

MR. SPENCER

We know how much you love each other, but we think that the Barbara we've all loved is... gone...

BORIS

No she's not. Really she isn't. She's still here. Please. You've got to give us a chance. Please!

Boris's pleas are too much for the Spencers. They hold Boris briefly, then leave. Boris stands, absolutely desperate. He looks at Barbara and doesn't dare leave her. He looks after the Spencers, wants to go after them, but can't. Suddenly Harry walks in. Boris races over and throws himself at Harry's feet. He fastens his arms around Harry's legs.

BORIS

Harry, please, I'm begging you not to do it. I'll do anything. Anything. Please don't turn it off.

HARRY

I have to, Boris. I'm sorry.

BORIS

Please, Harry. You've got to listen to me. Please listen. Just for a minute.

(MORE)

BORIS (CONT'D)

I've been sitting here a long time now, holding Barbara's hand, see, and every once in a while, she tightens her hand around mine. Just a little, because that's all she can do right now, but I know she's alive, and she's trying to tell me not to let anyone do anything terrible to her.

HARRY

Boris, grasping is a reflex. Newborn infants have it.

BORIS

It's not a reflex, Harry. Honest. It's her fingers. How can I make you understand?! Her fingers move, Harry, just this little bit. She's trying so hard to hold my hand. She's working her goddam ass off. I can tell. She wants more time, Harry, just a little more time.

Harry's heart is breaking. He kneels down beside Boris in a gentle attempt to free himself from Boris's grasp.

BORIS

Please, Harry. You've got to touch her. She's got all this life in her. You'll feel it. Her fingers move, Harry. Honest to God. It's not a reflex. Touch her, please. Hold her just a little --

(breaking down in sobs)

Please touch her... For godsakes, Harry, a little charity, please. I'm begging you with all my heart. Please hold her...

It's more than Harry can take. He holds Boris's head between his hands and wipes Boris's tears with his thumbs.

HARRY

Okay, Boris. Let's have a look.

Boris looks at Harry gratefully. He breathes a sigh of relief, putting more hope into Harry's words than were intended.

BORIS

Thank you, Harry. God bless you.
Thank you for doing this.

Harry gets up, helps Boris up, and the two of them go over to Barbara's bedside. Harry picks up Barbara's hands, which are limp. He runs his thumbnail vertically across Barbara's palms. The hands reflexively grasp. Harry looks at Boris, and Boris's heart falls.

BORIS

It's not like that, Harry. I'm sitting, just holding her hand, and I'll tell her how much I love her, and her fingers just kind of move around my hand...

Harry gestures for Boris to show him. Boris is afraid to take the risk. He shakes his head.

BORIS

No, Harry. What if she doesn't do it this time? It still doesn't mean I'm lying. She's alive, Harry. You just have to give me some time to prove it.

HARRY

We've given you time, Boris.

BORIS

More time.

HARRY

Boris, we have to do this. We'll do it together. I'll help you get through it.

BORIS

(desperate)

How, Harry? Like you've gotten me through everything else? With all your goddam philosophies? What's your philosophy for this, Harry? The love formula? The Big Picture? Where the hell is my Big Picture now, Harry? I want my goddam Big Picture!

HARRY

There is no philosophy for this, Boris. We just have to do it, support each other, and get through it the best we can.

BORIS

(exploding, letting
it all out)

No, we don't have to do it, Harry.
Goddam it, don't do this to me,
Harry! Haven't you done enough
already? I came to this place to
get an education, Harry. I
wanted to get my life together,
that's all. I did not come here
to play sandbag Sidney Kuhlénbeck,
or what can we rip off next. I
am not interested in God's
testicles, Harry!

(beginning to
break down)

I just wanted to make something
of my life... Look at my life
now, Harry... I'm on probation.
When you go out to Northfield,
I've got to go work for Kuhlénbeck.

(tears flowing)

And, if you turn off that machine,
you're going to take away everything
that gave my life meaning...

HARRY

I have no choice, Boris. The
alternative is that you could
spend the next thirty years visiting
Barbara in a chronic care facility.
The tests are absolutely clear.

BORIS

(desperate)

Okay, Harry. If you really want
to make this kind of a decision
on a bunch of goddam tests, go
ahead. You tell me that you
believe in your heart that Barbara's
really dead and has absolutely no
chance of recovery, then do it.

HARRY

(very conflicted,
but holding firm)

I'm not going to do it, Boris.
I want you to do it. I want you
to say goodbye to Barbara, take
her hand, turn off the switch,
and hold her until she's gone.

BORIS

(relieved that Harry
didn't call him on
his offer)

Well, call me a coward or
whatever you want, but I'm not
doing it, Harry.

(looks at Harry,
fighting tears)

You know, Harry, all along now
you've been showing me how you
should do what your heart tells
you is right. Screw the university
rules, right? Even a monkey has a
right to have his life saved,
whatever the rules say. Who cares
if everyone thinks you're crazy
to try to recreate your wife after
she dies, you do what your heart
says is the right thing to do.
Isn't that what you've been
wanting me to learn? There's
nothing more important than what
you believe in your heart?

Harry is caught. He looks at Boris, his own heart
ready to break. For the first time, Harry has no answer.

BORIS

Except that when it comes right
down to it, you don't believe
that. You think because you've
been spending all these years
growing Lucy that you've kept
in touch. The truth is, Harry,
that you've forgotten what it's
really like to love someone --
How you wake up in the morning,
and there's this person there
in bed with you. And the night
before, you made the most
wonderful love. And then you
sat up talking all night... about
all kinds of stupid things that
wouldn't make sense to anyone
else -- like you have this special
language and you're the only two
people in the whole world who
know it.

HARRY

I haven't forgotten.

BORIS

You have, Harry.

(MORE)

BORIS (CONT'D)

Nobody who really remembers what
it's like to be in love, would
treat Meli the way you do.

Boris is finally beginning to get through and senses it.

BORIS

(playing it for all
it's worth)

It isn't fair, Harry. You can't
ask me to turn off Barbara, when
you can't turn off Lucy.

Boris has scored, and scored deeply. Harry looks at
Boris, torn apart, not knowing what really to do now.
He makes what he knows is a last desperate try to
regain his position.

HARRY

Lucy's dead, Boris. They took
all the equipment from the garage
and Lucy was killed.

BORIS

(thinking he's blown
it all)

Oh, God, Harry, I'm sorry. I
didn't think they'd kill Lucy.
I just thought they'd tell you
to return everything.

Harry looks at Boris. He feels he's gotten back the
leverage.

HARRY

Well, it was probably for the
best, wasn't it, Boris?

BORIS

(sensing the
smallest opening)

It was if you're not going to
go right back and start all
over...

Harry and Boris look at each other -- worthy adversaries.
The result of their battle has been a stalemate. Harry
doesn't know what to do. Boris is now uncertain whether
it might not be best to turn off the respirator. Harry
sighs and sits on the empty bed beside Barbara's.
Boris joins him. They are no longer mentor and student.
They are compatriots.

HARRY

This business of love is awfully damn lonely sometimes, isn't it, Boris.

Boris nods, waits, then offers his own thoughts.

BORIS

You want to know something really crazy, Harry?

HARRY

Always.

BORIS

For the first time in my life I believe in God... and I've never felt more pain.

HARRY

The pleasure comes later.

BORIS

You know what gets to me, Harry... for as long as I've known Barbara I've been picturing what our kids are going to look like and how we'll go to those evenings at school where you sit on the little chairs and the teacher shows you how your kid's just learned to make the letter "k", and is in the highest reading book now because she's so smart... and --

Boris takes a deep breath and tries to control himself.

BORIS

... made this picture that said I love my mommy and daddy...
(tears starting again)
It's all over, isn't it, Harry?
There's nothing more that you can do, is there?

HARRY

I could probably hold off Sid and the rest of the staff for a couple days, Boris.

BORIS

Oh, God, Harry, do you think you could?

HARRY

I'd have to assure Sid that if there was no change in Barbara's condition, he could turn off the respirator, himself.

BORIS

Two days would be wonderful, Harry.

Harry purses his lips with conviction and gets up. He walks to the door, then turns to Boris.

HARRY

Boris. This has been hell. Thanks.

BORIS

(pleased and grateful)

Harry, I'm trying to find the Big Picture. I really am. But I keep missing it because I'm so filled up with my love for Barbara that nothing else matters.

HARRY

(looks at Boris,
then)

What makes you think you're missing it?

BORIS

(almost reaching
out for Harry)

Harry... you want to stay a little longer?

HARRY

No, I don't think so. Barbara needs you, Boris... all to herself. Talk to her. Words are wonderful things.

Boris watches Harry go, then he sighs with relief and walks over to Barbara. He takes her hand and stares at her, his face still wet with tears. He takes a deep breath.

BORIS

Everybody around here thinks that you're dead, Barbara. We've got to talk. We've got to talk a whole lot...

EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING/AFTERNOON/NIGHT

Harry, with new resolve, rides his bicycle all over town looking for Meli. He places posters up everywhere reading: SINGLE WHITE MALE NOBEL LAUREATE NEEDS SELF-PROCLAIMED NINETEEN YEAR OLD NYMPHOMANIAC. OBJECT: MATRIMONY.

Harry stops people on the street and shows them a photo of Meli, waving his arms to describe her figure, imitating her bouncy walk and the way she tosses her head. Harry looks in the coffee shop where they first met, and everywhere else they've been together.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - AFTERNOON/EVENING/NIGHT

INTERCUT: As Harry searches for Meli over the next two days, Boris sits beside Barbara, talking to her and pleading for a sign of life. Nurses come and go. Boris continues, fighting through his exhaustion, even harder as the time passes, talking, touching, and stroking Barbara.

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF HARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Harry returns from his search for Meli, unsuccessful, and as exhausted as Boris. He stands staring at his dark house, the debris that was once his lab, then leans his bicycle against the house, loads the container of Lucy's cells on the back of his pick-up truck, gets in the truck and drives away.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

Boris is still sitting beside Barbara, talking to her.

BORIS

I know you can hear, Barbara.
People in comas can hear. You
probably think you're dreaming
all this, but you're not. It's
really happening. Now you have to
do something to show everyone you're
still alive... not much, just
something little...

EXT. HARRY'S BEACH COTTAGE - NIGHT

Harry pulls up in his pick-up truck, gets out, takes the container of Lucy's cells from the back of the truck, and goes into the house.

The paper lanterns, still remaining from the faculty picnic, come on, as do other lights in the cottage.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

Boris, near total exhaustion, sits beside Barbara, still talking.

BORIS

I can't let you die, Barbara.
I can feel all this life in you.
You've got to do something to
show everyone that you're still
alive...

EXT. HARRY'S BEACH COTTAGE - NIGHT

Harry sits on the cottage's front steps, under the lanterns. The old recording of SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY PLAYS. LOSE FOCUS.

INT. HARRY'S BEACH COTTAGE - NIGHT (1947)

REGAIN FOCUS. SOUND OF SURF. A young Harry, suitcase in hand, stands beside a very pregnant Lucy.

LUCY

It's happening too quickly,
Harry --

Suddenly Lucy doubles up with pain. Harry drops the suitcase and holds her. Lucy turns and looks at Harry seriously.

LUCY

Something's really wrong, Harry.
The baby's sideways or backwards
or something. I can feel it.
It seems so lifeless, Harry,
like a big rock.

Lucy grabs Harry, who holds her until the pain is over.

LUCY

We'd better hurry.
(starting up the
stairs)
See what happens when you get
someone pregnant at a racetrack,
Harry?

HARRY

I'll never do it at a racetrack again.

LUCY

(another pain starting)

I'm scared, Harry. What happens if I start hemorrhaging? I'll die, won't I?

HARRY

(light banter and reassuring)

If you die, then I'll bring you back to life, Lucy. I'm a physician, remember? I'm the next best thing to God.

EXT. HARRY'S BEACH COTTAGE - NIGHT (1947)

Quiet. A light breeze gently blows the thin transparent curtains into the open window of Harry's bedroom upstairs. Through the window, Harry is SEEN standing motionless.

INT. HARRY'S BEACH COTTAGE/UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT (1947)

All is quiet in the room which has the appearance of a classic painting. There is no sound of a baby. Lucy lies lifeless on the bed, beautiful in death, her position almost "posed", her head tilting slightly off the edge of the bed, her long blond hair falling like a silk curtain to the floor. Harry's eyes stare into space in shock. LOSE FOCUS.

EXT. IN FRONT OF HARRY'S BEACH COTTAGE - NIGHT (1984)

REGAIN FOCUS. Harry sits on the front steps of the cottage, by himself, his eyes reddened from sadness and fatigue. At his feet is the container of Lucy's cells.

Harry "sees" Lucy several yards in front of him, under the lanterns. She stands in a lovely summer dress, quiet and composed as SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY CONTINUES on the player.

HARRY

Meli's really wonderful, Lucy. You'd like her a lot.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

She's got your spirit... sassy
as hell... I'll always love you,
you know that... but I love Meli,
too...

Lucy closes her eyes.

HARRY

Let me go, please. Let me live.

Lucy opens her eyes and nods sadly at Harry.

HARRY

(standing up, walking
toward Lucy)

A last dance?

(singing softly
with the music)

"Gonna take a sentimental
journey..."

Lucy looks at Harry approaching, her heart heavy. As
she starts to fade away, Harry reaches out for her.
Then, scarcely there at all, she runs toward Harry,
tears in her eyes, and throws herself into Harry's arms.
Harry reaches to clutch her to him, but he holds only
himself. Lucy is gone forever.

HARRY

(tears filling his
eyes)

Good-bye, Lucy.

Meli stands at the corner of the cottage.

MELI

Yeh, well, it's about time.
Now stop putting up all these
goddam posters and I'll marry
you, for chrissakes.

HARRY

(looks up, smiling)

Darnit, Meli, I've been rehearsing
a formal proposal.

MELI

Mrs. Mallory warned me.

Meli walks over to Harry. Harry picks up the container
of Lucy's cells as Meli approaches.

HARRY
(putting his arm
around Meli)
How about a little walk to the
water?

MELI
Sounds wonderful.

Harry, one arm around Meli, the other around Lucy's cells,
walks with Meli down to the water's edge. Then he takes
the container of Lucy's cells and opens the lid.

HARRY
Back to the sea?

MELI
Back to the sea.

Harry turns over the container and Lucy's cells,
shimmering in the moonlight, fall into the sea and
disperse. Then he turns to Meli.

HARRY
I missed you very much, Meli.

Meli looks at Harry, very moved, and smiles. Then she
buries herself against him. Harry gives her a big
bear-hug, pleased as his arms fill with Meli. Meli
looks up at Harry as tears fall from her eyes.

HARRY
I love you, Meli.

MELI
(wiping a single
tear from Harry)
Yeh, well, I love you, too, you
sentimental old dope.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - MORNING

Boris, unshaven, exhausted, sits beside Barbara, who
remains comatose. He looks up at the clock, then back
at Barbara.

BORIS
(very very hoarse)
You've got to do it, Barbara,
because there's no way I'm
going to carry your goddam
refrigerator back down the
stairs.

(MORE)

BORIS (CONT'D)

I really mean it. And I hate Agamemnon. He's a mangy mutt, and I'm going to get rid of him if you don't do something.

As Boris takes Barbara's hand, Sid appears in the doorway. Boris turns in a panic, then turns back to Barbara and moves closer to her so he can hold her and talk in her ear.

BORIS

(desperate)

I'm really scared, Barbara. I'm scared as hell. God, I wish we could go home...

Sid starts to walk slowly toward Boris and Barbara. Boris sees Sid and his pleas increase in urgency.

BORIS

(more desperate than ever)

Jesus, Barbara, I need you so much. I couldn't stand it if you died. You've got to show them you're alive. You've got to do it.

Sid approaches the bed and stands patiently.

BORIS

(nearly overwhelmed)

Do it for me, please. Show them.
(breaking down in tears)

Help me, Barbara. Please help me.

Boris buries his head on the bed next to Barbara. Kuhlenbeck comes over and puts his hand on Boris's head.

KUHLENBECK

(with genuine compassion)

You should go home now, Boris, and get some sleep. I'll get someone to take you. Let's go.

BORIS

(near panic)

I can't leave her, Sid. She's got my whole heart with her.

(crying out to Barbara)

Barbaraaaaaaa... I love you....

Help meeeee.... Pleeeeeeeeeasssse...

As Sid tries to take Boris away, Barbara's hand tightens around Boris's. Sid tries to pull, but Barbara keeps tightening her grip. A tear falls from Barbara's closed eyes. And then another.

BORIS

Barbara!

Several tears streak Barbara's cheek, and she grasps Boris's hand with whatever strength she has.

BORIS

She's crying! She's holding me!
She's alive! Barbara! She's alive!

KUHLENBECK

(looking at Barbara's
tears)

Holy shit!

Sid lets go of Boris and jumps over to examine Barbara. Nurses and orderlies come from all directions.

BORIS

Barbara's alive!

Pavlo and a RESIDENT come running in. Barbara starts gagging. Sid works quickly to remove the respirator. Boris panics and starts toward Sid, but two orderlies grab him.

BORIS

(struggling desperately)

God, no, don't let him take out
the respirator! Let me go, dammit!
No! Please! Don't kill her! She's
alive! She loves me! She's crying!
Please, Sid. Don't. Please don't
kill her.

The medical team finishes removing the respirator.

BORIS

(tears streaking his
cheeks)

Put it back. Please. She's alive.

PAVLO

(fighting to maintain
his composure)

We know, Boris. We had to take out
the respirator because she was
gagging on it. She couldn't
breathe by herself with the respirator
still going.

Boris looks at Barbara breathing without the respirator. Tears stream from his eyes. An enormous smile spreads across his face. Pavlo nods and Boris is released.

BORIS
She's breathing by herself?

PAVLO
Yes, she is, Boris.

BORIS
She's going to be okay now?

KUHLENBECK
It's very hard to say, Boris.
She probably won't regain
consciousness for several hours,
maybe even days.

BORIS
But she held my hand. She was
crying. That's a good sign,
isn't it?

PAVLO
(cutting through
the crap)
It's an excellent sign, Boris.
It's absolutely outstanding.

BORIS
(claps his hands
and jumps a little)
Sonofabitch! It's outstanding!
Barbara, you hear that?! You're
outstanding! You did it! I knew
you could do it!

Runs over and kisses Barbara.

BORIS
You're wonderful! You're
outstanding! Your parents! I've
got to tell them you're alive.
Listen, Barbara, don't go away.
Okay? I'll be right back.

Boris kisses her again and races out of the I.C.U.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE I.C.U. - DAY

As Borish dashes out of the I.C.U., Sid slips out the door and calls down the hall after Boris.

KUHLENBECK

The tests were very persuasive,
Boris.

Boris stops and walks back to Sid. He pulls out a handkerchief and shows Sid that there's nothing on either side of it, nor is there anything in his hands, like a magic trick. Then Boris drapes the cloth over his fist and holds it out to Sid.

BORIS

Magic, Sid. Abracadabra!

Boris whisks off the cloth, revealing his middle finger extended in the classic obscene gesture.

BORIS

Fuck you, Sidney Kuhlenbeck!

KUHLENBECK

(at first startled,
then indignant)

I don't have the time for this.
I've got a very important
meeting I'm late for.

Boris starts backing down the hall, shouting at Sid.

BORIS

You're an asshole, Sid! Fuck you,
Sid! And fuck your meeting! And
fuck your computer, Sid! It's
obsolete, Sid! And fuck your
squash game, and your football
game, and your tiny little dick
which couldn't fuck a
hummingbird, Sid!

Boris nods with satisfaction, does a little jig step,
turns around and finds the three transplantors.

BORIS

Well, hello there. Fuck you, and
fuck you, and fuck you, too.

Boris, having a very good time, smiles and runs ahead.
He comes to a flight of stairs, turns, and races up
them.

INT. UNIVERSITY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Harry is at a blackboard covered with formulas, finishing
his presentation to the Funding Committee. Around the
large table sit Paul and Committee Members KRAUSS,
HAMBERG and BOVI.

HARRY
 -- yield new data on membrane
 binding --

Sid enters out of breath.

KUHLENBECK
 Sorry I'm late. Difficult case.
 But I think we've worked it through
 now.

Sid sits down as Harry continues.

HARRY
 -- membrane binding properties
 that will lead us to major
 breakthroughs in disease,
 malnutrition and energy.

INT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - DAY

Boris is still racing down the halls of the hospital.

BORIS
 We did it! She's alive! We
 did it!

He stops at the newborn unit and taps on the window.

BORIS
 Wake up, guys! Everybody who
 has just been circumcised raise
 your left hand, please. Okay,
 now the rest of you -- let's
 hear it for the Jews!
 Yaaaaaayyyyyyyyyy!!!!!!

Boris sees that a growing contingent of hospital
 personnel is after him and he takes off, whooping it up.

INT. UNIVERSITY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Harry is leaning back in his chair, puffing at a cigar.
 Paul has hidden his eyes with his hand. Sid listens
 expectantly.

HAMBERG
 That was very impressive, Dr.
 Wolper. You're going to have your
 hands full this year, it seems.
 There's over eight-hundred
 thousand dollars in research money
 here.

KUHLENBECK

(so there's no
confusion)

Actually, Dr. Wolper's becoming
Professor Emeritus out at our
Northfield facility next month.

BOVI

Well, well, well. You finally
got some research funds for
Northfield. Good for you, Dr.
Wolper. It's about time.

Sid looks around in panic.

INT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - DAY

Boris is now being followed by a very large group as
he runs down the hall, hollering and whooping it up.
He stops by a nurse with very large breasts, kisses
her on the cheeks, goes, then stops, goes back, and
gently squeezes her bosom.

BORIS

Thank you very much, ma'am.

Then Boris races off as the pursuing crowd nears.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sid is clearly in a panic, as the Committee Members
pack their satchels and start to leave.

KRAUSS

Human beings do research, Dr.
Kuhlenbeck, not institutions.
The money goes where the
Principal Investigator goes...

(Noting Harry playing
with his cigar)

... even if the Principal
Investigator is a little wacko
now and then...

(making a note on
his paper)

That's the Northfield Institute
for Advanced Research, yes...?

KUHLENBECK

No! I mean yes, but --

(turns to Harry,
chugging away)

You son of a bitch!

(MORE)

KUHLENBECK (CONT'D)

(turns to Krauss)

We can ask for reconsideration! We
can refuse the money!

KRAUSS

The Chairman of your department
can, yes.

PAUL

(lifts finger and
smiles)

I'm the Chairman of your department.

INT. HOSPITAL HALL - DAY

Boris, followed by a mob, is racing down the hall, still whooping and hollering. He opens doors to examining rooms with half-naked patients, turns gurneys around and sends them rolling toward crowd, patients clinging on for dear life, and shakes the hands of patients in wheelchairs. As he runs by, patients pop their heads from their rooms and cheer him on.

EXT. HALL OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sid is skipping along after the committee members, who are walking briskly down the hall. Harry is in front of them.

KUHLENBECK

(more frantic than
ever)

Good God, you can't give this
man any research money! He's a
lunatic! He's been trying to
grow his dead wife in his garage!
Tell 'em, Harry, haven't you?

HARRY

(wide-eyed innocence)

What wife? What garage?

KUHLENBECK

(stops and yells
after the committee)

This is no joke! He's been cloning
a dead person without a license...!
And he took all our equipment to his
garage without any authorization...!
(screaming in desperation)
And he's got this teenage girlfriend
who flashes her tits!!!!

EXT. IN FRONT OF UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

At the same time that Boris runs out of the Hospital Unit, Harry emerges from the Research Unit. Boris sees Harry across the small street from him, picks up a temporary sign reading "QUIET - HOSPITAL ZONE" and waves it at Harry.

BORIS

We did it, Harry. Barbara's alive!

Boris hoists the sign as high as it will go. Harry raises his cigar in the air.

BORIS & HARRY

Sonofabitch!

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE TO NORTHFIELD - MORNING

Cows grazing in the field. A mother cow nursing her calf, as we MOVE along the countryside. Harry's POV, as he rides his bike past the sign: NORTHFIELD INSTITUTE FOR ADVANCED RESEARCH. As Harry pedals along, Boris rides up on his bicycle.

HARRY

Well, well, Mr. Lafkin. This is a surprise.

BORIS

Some surprise. How the hell did you get me transferred to your lab in Northfield?

HARRY

The Golden Rule of Arts and Sciences, Boris. Never forget it.

BORIS

What's that?

HARRY

He who has the gold, makes the rules.

(a beat)

You know, Boris, I just had this idea. If a female horse had an udder --

BORIS

No, Harry. No. This is your first day in Northfield. At least start out sane.

HARRY

(smiling)

I'm glad you'll be out there to
keep me on track, Boris.

BORIS

Yeh, well, it's a big job, so I
brought along reinforcements.

Harry turns around and looks behind him. Entering from
side roads are an enormous number of students on bicycles.

HARRY

(very moved)

Very impressive. And very nice,
Boris.

Boris turns and looks behind him and notes that Sid
Kuhlenbeck is pedaling along on an old bicycle.

BORIS

You know, Harry, I don't think
Sid's happy about having to work
under your supervision out in
Northfield.

HARRY

Problem is, Boris, I've got all
his research money. But soon as
he's got the Big Picture, I'll
ship him right back.

Suddenly, there is a loud honking and Meli appears in
Harry's old pick-up truck, Barbara beside her, crutches
visible between them. Meli shouts as she passes Sid.

MELI

Hi there, hunk.

Sid's cursing is inaudible over the ROARING of the TRUCK,
as Meli pulls beside Harry.

MELI

I want to talk to you, Harry!
I'm having twins, Harry. How'd
that happen, Harry?

HARRY

You're asking me?

MELI

Don't play cute with me, Harry
Wolper. How the hell did I get
to be having twins?

HARRY

The usual way, I guess. I'm as surprised as you are, sweetheart.

(to Boris)

You know, Boris, if you don't like horses with udders, we could work on getting those poor little penguins back in the air.

MELI

What horses? What udders? What penguins?

BARBARA

Penguins can't fly, Boris.

MELI

And that's exactly how they're staying. If you think I'm having any fat black and white birds flying all over the goddam --

Meli continues to rant, Barbara joining her, as they drive along in Harry's old pick-up truck.

LONG SHOT: Bicycles as far as the eye can see -- Sid struggles in the rear. Harry and Boris ride in front, together, having a very good time.

MUSIC: SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

THE END